

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.)

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The council have determined upon founding scholarships for the several departments of this institution, with a view to the encouragement of diligence in the study of divinity, and the various branches of literature and science. Some of these scholarships are confined to the lower classes of the school, whilst others of a higher value are open to the senior students of each department.—*Globe.*

The Minister of Public Instruction in Paris has appointed M. Damiron to the professorship of the History of Modern Philosophy at the Faculty of Letters in that University, vacated by the death of M. Royer Collard; and M. Garnier Professor of Philosophy in the same Faculty, in the place of M. Damiron.

Dr. Behn, of Kiel, has lately published a voluminous correspondence between the illustrious Cuvier and the celebrated chemist, Pfaff. Cuvier and Pfaff had been friends from boyhood; and their letters, which on both sides are in German, embrace not only scientific subjects, but also literature, politics, and the occasional topics of the day. To this paragraph, we may add the announcement of a literary discovery which has recently taken place in the library of a schoolmaster near Stockholm. In making the inventory of his effects, after death, a collection of letters has been found, addressed by D'Alembert to Georges

Brandt, the great Swedish chemist, who discovered the properties of arsenic in 1773.—*Athenæum.*

The French Academy met, in Paris, on the 11th inst. under the presidency of M. Villemain, for the distribution of its annual prizes. The first and second historical prizes founded by the Baron Gobert were again conferred to their holders, MM. Thierry and Bazin; but, in alluding to rival works which are deserving of the academical prize, but which the judges could not place above those already crowned, M. Villemain suggested the propriety of some day modifying the too exclusive character of the institution in question. Meantime, medals, of the value of 2,000 francs, were given to M. Filon, the author of a work entitled "Du Pouvoir Spirituel dans ses Rapports avec l'Etat, depuis l'origine de la Monarchie Française jusqu'à la Révolution de 1830," and to M. Poujoulat for his "Histoire de Saint-Augustin." Similar medals were bestowed on M. Desbordes-Lesclapart for his "Morale Militaire"—M. Lachambaudie for his "Fables"—and Mlle. Joséphine Mallet for her work "Les Femmes en Prison;" and medals of the value of 1,500 francs on Mlle. Boyeldien de l'Avigny for her "Montjoie, ou Erreurs et Repentirs"—and on Madame Saunders for her work "Direction Maternelle de la Jeune Fille." The long unwon prize of 10,000 francs, offered by the Academy so far back as the year 1831, for the best tragedy or comedy, by a French author, represented, printed, and published in France, which should combine the two conditions of dramatic success and what the Academy should judge to be moral interest, was given, as we some time since anticipated for our readers, to M. Ponsard, for his "Lucrèce," of which M. Villemain delivered a careful criticism; honourable mention being, at the same time, made of M. Paul Facuher's "Don Sébastien de Portugal." Prizes for translations were given to the Baroness Carlowitz, for her translation of Herder's "History of the Poetry of the Hebrews;" to M. Pierron, for his translation of the works of Marcus Aurelius; and to M. Damas Hinard, for his translation of the "Romancero Espanol."—*Athenæum.*

NECROLOGY.

JOHN SIMON MAYER.

WE have to announce the death of John Simon Mayer, or Mayr, the celebrated composer, who expired on the 2d of December, at Bergamo. He was a Bavarian by birth, and was born in 1763. His father was an organist, who taught him the elements of music, for which at an early age he evinced considerable aptitude. At eight years of age Simon Mayer entered the choir, and was soon able to sing the most difficult music at sight. At ten years he could execute on the harpsichord the most difficult sonatas of Bach and Schobert. He studied at the university of Ingoldstadt, but it was only after he quitted it that he resumed the cultivation of music, and he soon learnt to perform on several instruments. Forced by various circumstances, he became a music teacher in Switzerland, in 1786. In 1788 he went to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, to study harmony under the chapel-master Carlo Lenzi, at Bergamo, and from thence he went to Venice, and was the pupil of Bertoni, chapel-master of St. Marc. After having written some masses, Mayer composed in 1791 the oratorio of "Jacob a Labano fugiens," for the Conservatoire of the Medicante in Venice, which was performed in the presence of the King of Naples, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and of the Archduke Viceroy of Milan. He then produced in succession, "David," "Tobie matrimonium," and "Sisera," the "Passion," and "Jephthah"—all these sacred works met with great success. By the advice of Piccini, who was then in Venice, Mayer wrote for the stage, and his first opera was "Saffo, o sia I ritte d'Apollon Leucadio," represented at the Fenice, in 1794. From that year up to 1814 Mayer's operas and dramatic cantatas amounted to seventy-seven pieces—the majority of which were favourably received, and his celebrity was European. Mayer's career may be stated to have ceased from the advent of Rossini, but the veteran composer had his revenge by the triumph of his pupil, the famous Donizetti. Mayer's operas were essentially dramatic, but when Rossini had accomplished his operatic revolution, the Bavarian diplomatically returned to his earlier style, and composed only for the church. His attachment for the town of Bergamo led him to refuse most advantageous offers for London and other capitals. He was appointed chapel-master of the church of Maria-Maggiore, and when the Musical Institute of Bergamo was founded, in 1805, he was nominated director, a post he held until his decease. We cannot supply a complete list of his compositions, but he wrote seventeen masses, six Misereres, all the Psalms, three Benedictus, a stabat, a life of Haydn, several works on the tuition of music. His best operas were the "Equivoco," "Lodoiska," "Telemacco," "Medea," "Iphigenia in Aulide," "Tamerlano," "Rosa bianca e Rosa rossa," "Atar," &c.

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

THE beginning of a new year and a new volume offers a fit occasion for a review of the past, and intimations of plans for the future.

More than two years have elapsed since THE CRITIC was first ushered into existence, under circumstances altogether novel in the history of literary journals. These publications, instead of being honest and truth-speaking guides to readers and book-buyers, had been, almost without exception, established by Publishers as a medium for advertising their own works through the necessarily partial notices there bestowed upon them. The consequence was, that nowhere could the public find a literary journal that could be relied upon for honest and disinterested information.

During the last ten years numerous attempts had been made to supply this disgraceful defect in our periodical literature. But after an honourable struggle of a few months each was, in turn, compelled to retire from the field.

The cause of this succession of failures had remained a mystery to the public. The defeated parties had not the means for stating the facts with which experience had acquainted them, and of which we had not formed the slightest estimate until we had learned them from the like experience.

The explanation is as follows:—

The price at which the literary journals are sold is very much less than that of the ordinary newspapers. THE CRITIC, for instance, contains more matter, word for word, than the *Examiner*; but THE CRITIC is sold for *fourpence*, while the price of the *Examiner* is *sixpence*. This, however, is not the only difference. Four-fifths of all the matter in the newspapers is mere scissors work; cuttings from the daily papers. But four-fifths of the contents of a literary journal, are required to be furnished by accomplished writers, and must be paid for at a high rate of remuneration.

The consequence of this greater cheapness in actual quantity, and higher relative value of the material is, that a literary journal is more expensive to conduct, and therefore requires a larger sale and more advertisements to support it than does an ordinary newspaper.

The class of advertisements for which such a journal is peculiarly adapted, is unfortunately in the hands of comparatively few persons. The Publishers, by giving can make, or by withholding can mar, its fortunes, unless it should be fortunate enough to command so large a share of public support, that its sale should enable it to subsist without advertisements.

The reader will now see how it is that all attempts to establish a literary journal out of "the Trade" as it is termed, have hitherto failed. They have been unable to withstand the hostility of the publishers.

How, then, has THE CRITIC been enabled to maintain the position in which so many have failed before it? Why is it the first really independent literary journal which can boast an existence of nearly three years? Certainly it is not because it has been subjected to less hostility than its predecessors. It has not found more favour than they in the eyes of the trade, who are still as

averse as ever to the existence of a review not under their own command.

We cannot ascribe this peculiar success of THE CRITIC to any merits it has beyond those possessed by its predecessors who had failed. It was the result of certain special circumstances, which have enabled it to exist in spite of hostility. THE CRITIC was not established in any manner as a pecuniary speculation, but simply to try a great experiment, and to accomplish an end which was deemed by its projectors to be almost a public service, the circulation of a literary journal which should be thoroughly honest and plain-speaking, and, with a yet higher purpose, to infuse into our literature a spirit opposed to the principles of that sceptical philosophy which the existing journals had unhappily so widely disseminated. Thus begun and conducted as a labour of love, its contributors for the most part giving their valuable aid gratuitously to the good work, the very publication undertaken without charge by the office of another journal, THE CRITIC has been produced at far less cost than any similar work ever was or could otherwise be brought out.

But other advantages combined with these. The Booksellers and Circulating-library-keepers throughout the country had long wanted a trustworthy guide in the choice of books, to save them from the losses they were continually sustaining from the partial reviews put forth by the journals belonging to the Publishers. An appeal was made to them to adopt THE CRITIC henceforth as their guide, with pledges of perfect impartiality, which have been most faithfully redeemed. They responded to the appeal with an unanimity which shewed their sense of the value of an honest adviser, if it could be found. More than *six hundred* immediately responded to the appeal, and became subscribers. The sale has been daily extending, until now we begin the year 1846 with a list of no less than *EIGHT HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN* circulating libraries, book-clubs, public institutions, and booksellers—the *buyers* of books, without whose patronage the Publishers could not exist—are registered subscribers to THE CRITIC, and avowedly adopt it as their guide in the choice of publications for their shelves. No better proof can be given of the estimation in which THE CRITIC is held by this most important and influential class of subscribers than the numerous testimonials which they have so kindly permitted us to publish, with their names attached, and which, collected in the prospectus just ready to be issued, forms, we believe, a body of evidence such as was never before produced in favour of any periodical.

As we stated at the beginning of its career, so we now repeat, that no profit is sought to be derived from THE CRITIC. The conductors desire only not to incur a loss. Whatever funds increased support by circulation or advertisements may place at their disposal, will be applied to its improvement. Already much has been effected in this since we last addressed our readers, especially by the introduction of the very valuable series of articles on foreign literature,—a feature peculiar to THE CRITIC,—information which can be procured nowhere beside.

Its advertisement columns will shew that it has not yet overcome the hostility of the Publishers to a periodical not belonging to the trade. Although an inspection of the list of its subscribers, of the testimonials of the booksellers that have appeared here, the reports of their travellers from the provinces, where they see THE CRITIC on every counter, must have assured the London publishers that a journal so circulated must not only be a good medium for their advertisements, but such an one as they could not find, because the guide of those who are the principal book-buyers of the United Kingdom; yet such is the aversion to the existence of an independent critic, that the greater part of them prefer to lose so

obvious an advantage, rather than encourage a journal not belonging to the trade. We had hoped that ere this they would have learned by experience that, in the long run, they are more benefited than harmed by honest criticism; that if it does occasionally produce a loss to them, where they had speculated in a stupid book, it more than counterbalanced this by the advantages resulting from the confidence placed by the public in praises of their more judiciously chosen works. Nay, if it did no more than make them cautious in the purchase of MSS. it will be a benefit to them; for it cannot be but that the assurance that their ventures will be lauded, whether good or bad, must tend to make them careless; while the presence of an honest reviewer, by making them look more closely at the papers offered to them, will save them from many a bad bargain, which, but for that check, might have been too hastily concluded.

We need not say that the expenses of *THE CRITIC*, even with all its advantages, are yet considerably more than its receipts. In the absence of the advertisements of the great publishers, we must look to the aid of its friends to compensate this penalty of its honesty, by extending its circulation. It is an old appeal, but not the less a true one, and not the less easy of accomplishment by its friends, if they have the will to serve it,—that if each subscriber would exert himself to procure one new subscriber (and who among his acquaintances could not easily do so?) at this commencement of a new volume, the doubled circulation would not only meet the loss now incurred, but supply the means for many improvements which we contemplate as soon as prudence will permit.

Many plans have been suggested by kind correspondents for enlarging the influence of *THE CRITIC*, which have had attentive consideration. Some of them we would gladly adopt, but that the cost forbids for the present. A more serious change, which would vastly increase the influence, certainly, is too serious to be entertained immediately, but will not be lost sight of, and may not improbably be adopted when circumstances shall justify the experiment. In the mean while no improvement within our means shall be neglected; and with the compliments of the season, we bid our readers adieu until the beginning of another volume.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet; now first collected and translated from the Latin, with Notes, and a Memoir of Sidney. By STEUART A. PEARS. London, 1845. Pickering.

THE world will have its heroes, real or imaginary; if it cannot find, it will make them. Nor is it content to set up for the idol of its worship or the subject of its virtuous indignation that patchwork piece of humanity, of which, alone, an example is to be found in actual existence; it will have nothing but monsters,—monsters of virtue or of villany,—for how otherwise could teachers point a moral, or how could persons themselves of indifferent morals gratify their consciences by venting honest indignation upon crimes of which they are innocent only because they have not been exposed to the same temptation.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is one of the fortunate gods of this inconsiderate idolatry. Romance has chosen him for a hero, and sober history has accepted the fancy without question of the foundations of the claim. He has been enshrined by tradition as among the worthiest of England's worthies. But if the challenge were given to state the precise qualities, as exhibited in actions, for which his reputation has been awarded, it would be very difficult to shew any sufficient warranty for such extravagant laudation. After all, what has he *done* to deserve the honours awarded to him? What services to his fellow-men or to posterity can be adduced on his behalf? He wrote a few indifferent verses; he was an elegant gentleman; he was

well born; he was the associate, perhaps the patron, of the wits of the time.—No more? Yes, he was accomplished in arms.

But are these, however desirable in themselves, a sufficient title to a laudation so extravagant as that which has been accorded to the name of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY? Have there not been "hundreds as good as he," who have lived honoured and loved, and died lamented, but whose memory has not survived for a single generation?

Be that as it may, the fact remains that SIDNEY has been made famous, and that the world is therefore curious about all that concerns him. How welcome then will be a volume that preserves that best index to a man's heart and intellect, his correspondence.

The history of this collection is thus stated:—

The letters of Languet to Sir Philip Sidney were first collected and published by the Elzevirs, at Leyden, in 1646, under the title of "*Huberti Langueti Epistolæ Politicæ et Historicæ ad Philippum Sidneum.*" They were reprinted by Lord Hailes, at Edinburgh, 1776; but they have never been translated into English, though Dr. Zouch gives extracts from them in his *Life of Sidney*. The letters of Sidney in reply have always been regarded as lost; and his biographers, from Fulke Greville downwards, have duly deplored their loss. A few of them are now first printed in the appendix to this volume. The three last in the series, written in the years 1557-8, were discovered in the public library at Zurich, in the year 1842, by the late Rev. John Hunter, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, and were copied, with many other letters from England of the same period, for a work of the Parker Society. This volume is now just completed, and I have been permitted by the council of that society to make use of these letters as they came from the press. The rest of Sidney's letters, fourteen in number, of which one is addressed to his friend, the Count of Hainna, formed part of a large collection of manuscript letters belonging to John Christopher Wolff, pastor of St. Katherine's, Hamburg. He purchased them from the executors of Zacharias Conrad Von Uffenbach, of Frankfurt (who died in 1734), and published a descriptive catalogue of his collection, entitled "*Wolffii Conspectus suppellectilis Epistolice et Literariæ, Hamburgi, 1736.*" From this book I accidentally learnt that these letters of Sidney were in existence. Wolff's collection is now in the public library of Hamburg, and the copies which I possess were made by Mr. A. D. Mordtmann, the assistant librarian. The Rev. Edward Dewar, M.A. chaplain at Hamburg, has also kindly collected them for me. They are taken from volumes 13, 26, 48, and 49. Vol. 49 contains only copies, and five of the following letters are taken from it; the rest, like those at Zurich, are all originals, in Sidney's handwriting. Languet's letters are 96 in number; and though Sidney did not write nearly so many in reply, still it is clear that the seventeen now published are a small part only of his actual share in the correspondence. I have made selections from the volume of Languet, in order to fit in, and so to form, as far as might be, a regular correspondence with such of Sidney's letters as are preserved; with the same view, I have reprinted, in its proper place, the letter which Sidney wrote in English to Lord Leicester from Vienna. Towards the latter part of the volume, where Sidney's replies are few in number, or wanting altogether, I have continued to give such parts of Languet's letters as refer more particularly to the affairs of Sidney and of England. All that Languet wrote is interesting, both for the elegance of his style and the subjects on which he wrote.

PHILIP SIDNEY was, as our readers are doubtless aware, the nephew of the Earl of LEICESTER, and heir presumptive to the title and estates. In the year 1572, when at the age of eighteen, he went to Paris, and was at once taken into favour by CHARLES IX. then king, who gave him the place of gentleman to the royal bedchamber. While there he witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the other stirring political events of the period. From France he went to Germany, and there formed the acquaintance with HUBERT LANGUET, which led to the correspondence contained in this volume. LANGUET was "one of the most learned men of the day" attached to the reformed religion, but "not cast in the martyr's mould." He had been educated in Italy, and afterwards resided for three years with MELANCTHON, at Wittenburg, "and subsequently was employed on many missions and embassies by various Protestant princes in Germany." His own inclination besides had led him to extend his travels far beyond the ordinary limits, so that he was well acquainted from personal observation with the manners and character of almost all the European nations." In his company SIDNEY visited Vienna, afterwards he went to Venice, thence to Padua, and

returned to England in 1575, after an absence of three years, during which period this correspondence was actively maintained.

The impression produced by its perusal is not upon the whole calculated to sustain the reputation of SIDNEY. It is evident that he was not the paragon of virtue or of wisdom that romance has represented him. His imagination was too powerful for his reason; he was too much the creature of impulse; generous, amiable, and affectionate he was, with a large warm heart of his own, and an open hand, and a frank free-speaking tongue, that must have secured the love of his friends, and probably, combined with his early death, led to the exaggerations of sorrowing friendship, which have been accepted by unreflecting posterity as literal truths. From the letters of both these distinguished correspondents we will take some of the most interesting passages, from which the justice of these brief remarks will be apparent. The reader will be amused with this description of

VENICE IN 1573.

The palaces, which serve now for warehouses, or are deserted altogether, were the abodes of wealth and splendour, the homes of those royal merchants who considered themselves the fellows of princes. Painting, and poetry, and sculpture, all flourished in so rich a soil, and so sheltered a position:

Hers all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beams of peace.

Titian was living in extreme old age; his pupils were in the height of their reputation; and the last-built palaces had been reared after the plans and under the eye of Palladio. Moreover, the republic was a neutral ground, on which men of all countries, and creeds, and parties, could meet; Romanists and Protestants, Spaniards and Englishmen, might all be seen, and converse together, and examine each other with the curiosity which men feel who are likely one day to be enemies. There were Turks too about the canals and in the halls of audience; for an embassy came from Constantinople to treat for peace while Sidney was at Venice; and at this period, the interest with which an English traveller looked at the turban and scimitar, was a feeling that partook largely of respect, and a little, perhaps, of fear. For the conquest of Cyprus, and their terrible attack on Malta, were recent events; it was a time when the rumour of a "Turkish fleet, and bearing up for Cyprus," was enough to rouse the doge and the ten, and call them to council at the dead of night. The city, therefore, was full of objects that attracted the eyes of Sidney, and of matter for his thoughts. All around him were strange sounds and sights, and men who had taken part in the most famous events of those busy times. At the entertainments of the Venetian magnificoes, Sidney met and conversed with the men who had led the squadron of Venice at the victory of Lepanto. From the French ambassador, Du Ferrier, to whom Languet had introduced him, he heard the proceedings of the council of Trent, where he had shortly before represented his master, Charles IX. A short row in a gondola took him to the galley of the Turkish ambassador, in which every object, from the envoy himself, the Jew Solomon, down to the costume and arms of the men, was full of amusement and instruction. Then there was Titian's studio to be looked through; for the old man was still glad to shew his paintings to strangers of rank; and the Foscari palace, lately finished, to be admired. Sometimes he might pass an hour in watching the pencil of Tintoretto, as he laid on his brilliant colours, and made rapid progress through his painting of Lepanto; and then an hour in sitting to Paul Veronese, and listening to the painter as he related the great contest between the seven painters of Venice, and shewed the gold chain he had won on that occasion, and talked about Rome.

To this LANGUET replies:—

I judge from your letter that the splendour of Venice does not equal your expectation; nevertheless, Italy has nothing fit to be compared to it, so that if this does not please you, the rest will disgust you. You will admire the wit and sagacity of the people; they are, in truth, witty and keen, and yet most of them carry more on the surface than they have within, and they very generally spoil their attainments by display, and make themselves offensive. The talents of our friends the Germans, are, indeed, less versatile, but in solid judgment I doubt if they are at all inferior to them. But I have been so many years away from Italy that I have no right to give an opinion on the subject. I will hear yours when you return.

Coming from such a man as LANGUET, the reader will set a value upon this.

ADVICE TO A STUDENT.

You ask me to tell you how you ought to form your style of writing. I think you will do well to read both volumes of

Cicero's letters, not only for the beauty of the Latin, but also for the very important matter they contain. There is nowhere a better statement of the causes which overthrew the Roman Republic. Many persons think it very useful to take one of his letters and translate it into another language; then to shut the book and turn it back into Latin; then again to refer to the book and compare your expressions with Cicero's. But beware of falling into the heresy of those who think that the height of excellence consists in the imitation of Cicero, and pass their lives in labouring at it. * * * You are right to pay attention to astronomy; without some knowledge of it, it is impossible to understand cosmography; and he who reads history without a knowledge of this, is very like a man who makes a journey in the dark.

And again:

I am glad (he says) you have decided on going to Padua, where you will easily find better lodging than at Venice, and, I hope, have better acquaintances to amuse yourself with, and to converse with about your studies. You were quite right to learn the elements of astronomy, but I do not advise you to proceed far in the science, because it is very difficult, and not likely to be of much use to you. I know not whether it is wise to apply your mind to geometry, though it is a noble study, and well worthy of a fine understanding; but you must consider your condition in life—how soon you will have to tear yourself from your literary leisure; and therefore the short time which you still have should be devoted entirely to such things as are most essential. I call those things essential to you which it is discreditable for a man of high birth not to know, and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you. Geometry may, indeed, be of great use to a man of rank, in the fortification or investment of towns, in castrametation and all branches of architecture; but to understand it sufficiently to make it useful would certainly require much time, and I consider it absurd to learn the rudiments of many sciences simply for display and not for use. Besides, you are not over cheerful by nature, and it is a study which will make you still more grave; and as it requires the strongest application of the mind, it is likely to wear out the powers of the intellect, and very much to impair the health; and the greater the ability the more intense is the interest excited, and therefore the more injurious; and you know you have no health to spare. About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which, though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know. And therefore, as I said before, I do not venture to advise you on the subject. I only recommend you to learn first what is most necessary and most suitable to your condition. You are now acquainted with four languages. If, in your hours of amusement, you can learn enough German to understand it anyhow, I think you will be employing yourself well. Next to the knowledge of the way of salvation, which is the most essential thing of all, and which we learn from the sacred Scriptures,—next to this, I believe nothing will be of greater use to you than to study that branch of moral philosophy which treats of justice and injustice. I need not speak to you of reading history, by which, more than any thing else, men's judgments are shaped, because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it. But perhaps you are occupied with other matters, and my tedious letters only weary you. I must, however, remind you to take good care of your health, and not to injure it with too much study. Nothing excessive lasts long, and a sound mind is not enough unless it dwells in a sound body. Since you are somewhat serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment. The noble Count of Hannau and all his suite are greatly attached to you; I advise you to make yourself most intimate with them. There will always be good men who will esteem it a favour if you will seek their friendship: and, as long as you remain what you are, you will find men all over the world to love you and shew you kindness.

Further on we find these curious commentaries on the ancestry of the English:—

I should be glad (writes his mentor), as I wrote to you before, if you could acquire such a knowledge of German as to understand the language when you hear or read it; learn it perfectly you cannot without much time and labour. You English have more intercourse with the Germans than with any other people, and their authority and power as a nation is already the greatest in Christendom, and no doubt will yet be increased by the folly of my own country and other neighbouring states. It seems to me quite absurd that your countrymen should make such a point of speaking Italian well, since, as far as I know, you derive no advantage from them; on the other hand they derive the greatest from you, and therefore they ought rather to learn your language.

Perhaps you are afraid you will not persuade them to take your money, unless you speak with perfect fluency. See, my dearest Sidney, how I trifle with you; and now that I am in the vein, I am going to give you something still more trifling. As my ill luck would have it, I chanced the other day upon two most charming writers, one of whom describes France, the other England. The former is Robert Cornalis, bishop of Avranches, a very silly and ignorant person. The other would think himself greatly affronted if I called him English, since he repeatedly proclaims himself a Cambrian, not an Englishman. His name is Humfrey Lhuid; and if he is not learned, he is a man of extensive reading, but now and then forms his judgments in such a way, that he seems totally destitute of common sense. He scourges the unfortunate Hector Boetius and Polydore Virgil so cruelly, that even if they have grievously erred, the punishment seems greater than the fault. It is well for you that your ancestors drew their blood from France; for he says that the Saxons, from whom the English are descended, were nothing but pirates and robbers. You know that the German writers have plundered us poor Gauls of the empire which they declare we never possessed. They say that the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem was theirs; and that the Greek and Latin writers, early and late, are talking nonsense when they say that the Gauls made so many irruptions into Italy, burnt Rome, penetrated into Greece, and even into Asia, since these all were undoubtedly Germans. But the good Welshman is so far from being touched with these our misfortunes, that he adds insult to them. Some of the Germans had left us the incendiary Brennus, in consideration of his sacrilege and horrible death, but he takes him away from us and makes him a Welshman. And now hear the man's wretched fate, or rather the vengeance of the gods; for I conclude that Vulcan, grateful for his wife's detection, desired to make some return to Apollo, who was still angry with Brennus and all his admirers for the sacrilege perpetrated at Delphi. I had gone on half asleep reading my good Welshman till very late at night, and somehow or other it fell out that the flame of my lamp caught the book, and lo! I could put the fire out, it was well-nigh burnt up, for it was not bound. I was distressed at first; but when I recovered myself I began to laugh, and reflected that it was a good thing for me, as it deprived me of the occasion of wasting my time on such follies. I was on the point of sending you the scorched remains of my poor Cambrian, that you might desire your Griffin his countryman to perform his obsequies, while you offered a laugh to appease the ghost. But I beseech you tell Griffin to write him an epitaph in Welsh, and send it to me.

LANGUET was evidently a man of extreme good sense; it is impossible not to admire such sentiments as these:—

You seem to me to be somewhat too hard upon Pibrac. I am accustomed to judge of men otherwise than most persons do; unless they are utterly depraved (for I do not think such men's vices ought to be concealed), I call out their good qualities if they have any; and if through error or weakness they fail in any point, I put it out of sight as far as I can. Pibrac is a man of such genius, learning, and eloquence, that I do not believe his equal is to be found in France. He has much kind feeling, and befriends good men whenever he can, and I do not believe he ever advised an unprincipled course of conduct. On the day on which the king avowed in the parliament of Paris, that the admiral and his friends had been slain at his bidding and by his authority, Pibrac delivered in his presence a plain speech, in which he advised him, with more freedom than the times allowed, to put a stop to bloodshed altogether, whilst the rest gave their voices to the king, and approved the monstrous crime. Cavagnes, who was put to death with de Briquemaut and Custosius, professor of jurisprudence at Strasburg, were found in his house, and this circumstance was almost his ruin, for many thought he should be put out of the way. He was compelled to save his life by that letter, for which you find fault with him so grievously. I by no means admire his conduct, for, as the poet says,

Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
And frowning dictate to thy lips a lie,
Think it the height of baseness' breath to choose
Ere honour, and life's end for life to lose.

I am no Stoic, nor do I hold that all sins are equal. But it is a fault of my countrymen, that if an eminent man errs in the smallest thing they at once class him with the most abandoned of men. My nature and education make me differ from them. I know that many persons blame me for this, and say I have it from my master Melancthon. I have never yet repented of my master, nor of my education, nor will I be seduced to give them up by the animadversions of men who are more strict, or more bitter than myself.

On FROBISHER'S visionary assertions that he had found in the South Seas an island richer in gold than Peru, and the

description of which had well nigh converted SIDNEY into an adventurer, the prudent friend thus sensibly writes in a letter, replying to a communication on the subject from the enthusiastic youth:—

If that which you say of your Frobisher is true, he will doubtless eclipse the reputation not only of Magellan but even of Christopher Columbus himself. Who could have expected that the extreme north would at last supply us with so great incitement to evil? You may now well despise the voyage to the Indies, since you have stumbled on that gift of nature, of all others the most fatal and hurtful to mankind, which nevertheless nearly all men desire with so insane a longing, that it is the most powerful of all motives to them to incur risk. You have lately turned your lands into pastures, and in so doing have not consulted the interests of your country, for you have thinned its population. Your rulers were unwise to permit it, since the surest strength of a country is an abundant population. And now I fear England will be tempted by the thirst for gold, and rush forth in a body to the islands which Frobisher has lately discovered; and how much English blood, do you suppose must be spilt in order that you may keep possession of them? There is not one of all our maritime nations which will not enter the lists against you for them. In old times, when a party of Carthaginians on a voyage in the Atlantic had been carried by a storm to some land or other, and on their return home told marvellous tales of its fruitfulness and its climate, the senate, fearing the people would be tempted by the description and leave their country and migrate thither, put out of the way the men who brought the report, so that if any of their people should desire to go they should have no one to guide them. Do I therefore think that you should reject these good things which God in his mercy offers you, and punish their discoverer? By no means; on the contrary, I very greatly admire the high spirit, the perseverance, and even the good fortune of Frobisher, and consider he deserves great rewards. I have no doubt the first movers of the long and dangerous voyage which he undertook (whether himself or others) had an eye to the riches which the Spaniards and Portuguese have procured by their great expeditions. Since, therefore, he has hit the mark at which he aimed, who can be so unfair in judging the case as not to think him worthy of the highest credit? But I am thinking of you, for you seem to rejoice in the circumstance, as if it was the best possible thing for your country, especially since last spring I noticed in you a certain wish to undertake an enterprise of this kind. And if the vain hope of finding a passage which Frobisher entertained had power then to tempt your mind so greatly, what will not these gold mountains effect, or rather these islands all of gold, which I dare to say stand before your mind's eye day and night? Beware, I entreat you, and do not let the cursed hunger after gold, which the poet speaks of, creep over that spirit of yours, into which nothing has hitherto been admitted but the love of goodness, and the desire of earning the good will of all men. You are in error, if you suppose that men naturally grow better as they grow older: the case is very rare. They do indeed become more cautious, and learn to conceal their moral thoughts and their evil affections; but if you know an old man in whom you think there are some remains of honesty, be sure he was a good man in his youth. Whenever, therefore, any feeling new to yourself shall agitate your mind, do not hastily indulge it, even if the object to which it leads you seems to be a good one; but before you give it entrance, reflect carefully what it is that tempts you, for if you set out on any course hastily, you will be compelled to wheel about, when you find you are going wrong, or (which is not unfrequent and is far worse), will refuse through false shame to confess you have gone wrong, and therefore go on with your purpose. What is the object of all this? you will say. That if these islands have fixed themselves deeply in your thoughts, you may turn them out before they overcome you, and may keep yourself to serve your friends and your country in a better way.

While in Italy SIDNEY sat for his portrait to PAUL VERONESE. It was intended as a present to LANGUET. Of its subsequent history nothing is known. LANGUET thus speaks of it under date of 11th June, 1574:—

Master Corbett shewed me your portrait, which I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight. It seems to me to represent some one like you rather than yourself, and, at first, I thought it was your brother. Most of your features are well drawn, but it is far more juvenile than it ought to be; I should think you were not unlike it in your twelfth or thirteenth year.

SCIENCE.

On the Artificial Preparation of Turf, independent of Season or Weather, and with Economy of Labour and Time. By ROBERT MALLETT, C.E. &c. Dublin, 1845. Oldham.

MR. MALLETT has devoted great attention to the application of turf for fuel, and he has discovered that the present methods of preparing and using it admits of great improvement. In this essay, which was originally a communication made to the Institution of Civil Engineers in Ireland, he treats the entire subject with great perspicuity; and the results of his labours must be productive of vast benefit to a country where turf forms so large a portion of the fuel of the community.

FICTION.

Stories from the Italian Poets; with Lives of the Writers.

By LEIGH HUNT. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

We are indebted to a friend for a sight of these volumes, and not to the courtesy of the publishers; although they certainly are not of the class usually withheld from an independent and truth-speaking review, for they have no cause to fear the most searching criticism. LEIGH HUNT is here disporting in the region he loves the most. Intimately versed in the language and literature of Italy, there is no living man so competent as he to introduce the treasures of its fiction to English readers in an English garb. The labour, to him, is one of love; and he has performed it with the zeal and heartiness of the man who throws his soul into his work. There are fewer of those affectations which were wont to vex the reader in his earlier writings. Age appears to have tamed the freakiness of his fancy, without subduing his imagination, or chilling by asingle degree the genial warmth of his heart.

For these volumes do not consist of translations only; they contain also a series of biographies of the writers of the tales translated; and here it is that Mr. HUNT particularly displays the improvements we have noted.

And all the stories are not mere translations. When too long, they have been abbreviated, or even altogether rewritten; when in poetry, they have been turned into prose, after the fashion set by CHARLES LAMB, in his "Tales of Shakspeare." Thus has LEIGH HUNT presented a complete abstract of the story of the *Inferno*, omitting the more tedious dialogues and disquisitions; so has he treated *ARISTO* and *TASSO*. The text is richly illustrated with notes, some historical, some critical; and here and there striking passages are presented in their original language.

To those who cannot read Italian, or who want leisure or inclination to wade through the English translations, this sort of condensed account of poems they must desire to know something about will be most acceptable; and Mr. HUNT has succeeded in so thoroughly catching the spirit of the author, that he really has made his narrative more readable, more interesting, and more intelligible, too, than the original poems. They are occupations for the study; he has made of them reading for the fireside.

And so with the biographies. They are not learned, or diffuse, or critical, or dull. They are easy, well-told, anecdotal histories of personages with whom we all desire to make acquaintance, and to do so in the least formal manner. Mr. HUNT in this acts the part of a friend introducing some valued friends of his own, and telling us just so much about their lives, characters, and conversation as we desire to know; he does not conceal their faults, but he has always something to say in extenuation, or some virtue to set off against them; for Mr. HUNT is a gentle-hearted creature—a true philanthropist, with more charity in his single heart than would make a dozen Exeter-hall declaimers.

It would have pleased us much to have taken these volumes—these delightful Christmas visitors—and gone through them story by story, life by life; but the friend who has sent them to us is impatient, and we can linger only to take a short extract or two. But this is of the less consequence, for it is precisely the work to please the book-club—one which every member will be sure to approve and read, and which should be ordered by all circulating libraries that do not limit their purchases to novels. It will be extensively demanded, and they who peruse

it will recommend it to their friends, so that its popularity will be a growing one.

From the life of Tasso take this account of his escape from Ferrara, and behold the poet in his hour of misfortune:—

The unhappy poet selected the loneliest way he could find, and directed his course to the kingdom of Naples, where his sister lived. He was afraid of pursuit; he probably had little money; and, considering his ill-health and his dread of the Inquisition, it is pitiable to think what he may have endured while picking his long way through the back states of the Church and over the mountains of Abruzzo, as far as the Gulf of Naples. For better security, he exchanged clothes with a shepherd; and as he feared even his sister at first, from doubting whether she still loved him, his interview with her was in all its circumstances painfully dramatic. Cornelia Tasso, now a widow, with two sons, was still residing at Sorrento; where the poet, casting his eyes around him as he proceeded towards the house, must have beheld with singular feelings of wretchedness the lovely spots in which he had been a happy little boy. He did not announce himself at once. He brought letters, he said, from the lady's brother; and it is affecting to think, that whether his sister might or might not have retained otherwise any personal recollection of him since that time (for he had not seen her in the interval), his disguise was completed by the alterations which sorrow had made in his appearance. For, at all events, she did not know him. She saw in him nothing but a haggard stranger who was acquainted with the writer of the letters, and to whom they referred for particulars of the risk which her brother ran unless she could afford him her protection. These particulars were given by the stranger with all the pathos of the real man, and the loving sister fainted away. On her recovery, the visitor said what he could to reassure her, and then by degrees discovered himself. Cornelia welcomed him in the tenderest manner. She did all that he desired; and gave out to her friends that the gentleman was a cousin from Bergamo, who had come to Naples on family affairs.

Now let us view Dante in a similar situation after his banishment:—

From that day forth, Dante never beheld again his home or his wife. Her relations obtained possession of power, but no use was made of it except to keep him in exile. He had not accorded with them; and perhaps half the secret of his conjugal discomfort was owing to politics. It is the opinion of some, that the married couple were not sorry to part; others think that the wife remained behind, solely to scrape together what property she could, and bring up the children. All that is known is, that she never lived with him more.

Dante now certainly did what his enemies had accused him of wishing to do: he joined the old exiles whom he had helped to make such, the party of the Ghibellines. He alleges, that he was never really of any party but his own; a naive confession, probably true in one sense, considering his scorn of other people, his great intellectual superiority, and the large views he had for the whole Italian people. And, indeed, he soon quarrelled in private with the individuals composing his new party, however staunch he apparently remained to their cause. His former associates he had learned to hate for their differences with him, and for their self-seeking; he hated the Pope for deceiving him; he hated the Pope's French allies for being his allies, and interfering with Florence; and he had come to love the Emperor for being hated by them all, and for holding out (as he fancied) the only chance of reuniting Italy to their confusion, and making her the restorer of himself and the mistress of the world.

With these feelings in his heart, no money in his purse, and no place in which to lay his head, except such as chance-patrons afforded him, he now began to wander over Italy, like some lonely lion of a man, "grudging in his great disdain." At one moment he was conspiring and hoping; at another, despairing and endeavouring to conciliate his beautiful Florence: now again catching hope from some new movement of the Emperor's; and then, not very handsomely threatening and rebusing her; but always pondering and grieving, or trying to appease his thoughts with some composition, chiefly of his great work. It is conjectured, that when any thing particularly affected him, whether with joy or sorrow, he put it, hot with the impression, into his "sacred poem." Every body who jarred against his sense of right or his prejudices, he sent them to the infernal regions, friend or foe: the strangest people who sided with them (but certainly no personal foe) he exalted to heaven. He encouraged, if not personally assisted, two ineffectual attempts of the Ghibellines against Florence; wrote, besides his great work, a book of mixed prose and poetry on "Love and Virtue" (the *Convito*, or *Banquet*); a Latin treatise on Monarchy (the *Monarchia*), recommending the "divine right" of the Emperor; another in two parts, and in the same language, on the Vernacular Tongue (the *Vulgari Eloquio*); and learnt to know meanwhile, as he af-

fectingly tells us, "how hard it was to climb other people's stairs, and how salt the taste of bread is that is not our own." It is even thought not improbable, from one awful passage of his poem, that he may have "placed himself in some public way," and "stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals," have stretched out his hand "for charity"—an image of suffering, which, proud as he was, yet considering how great a man, is almost enough to make one's common nature stoop down for pardon at his feet; and yet he should first prostrate himself at the feet of that nature for his outrages on God and man.

Sketches from Flemish Life, in Three Tales. Translated from the Flemish of HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, &c. Pp. 210. London: Longman and Co.

A GENUINE picture of Flemish life by the hand of a native, drawn both with the pen and the pencil, for this unique little volume is illustrated by no less than 130 engravings on wood. It will be heartily welcomed by all who love to study national features. Here is a transcript of nature more faithful than is usually found in books.

And who is HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, whose name appears upon the title-page? So little is known by our countrymen of the literature of the Low Countries, that probably not one in twenty of our readers can answer the question. Let us then inform them in the words of the preface:—

A well-written article in the *Augsburg Gazette* of 1844 (Supplement No. 193, July 11th), headed, "The Flemish Literature and her chief Authors," gives the following account of Conscience:—"Of the younger ones, Hendrik Conscience, of Antwerp, is the most popular. He is about thirty years of age, of middle size, black hair, pale complexion, and melancholy eyes. Volunteering in the Belgian army, the poetical bent of his mind prevented him from rising higher than the rank of sergeant-major. Returned into private life, he, in 1837, joined the Belgian movement, and very soon attracted the public attention by his poetical sketches (*Tafereelen*), and the overpowering delivery of his extempore speeches. Disappointed apparently in his prospects, he suddenly disappeared from the stage of public activity, and devoted himself to horticultural pursuits, until, by the instrumentality of Mr. Rogier, the late governor of Antwerp, who had a great regard for Conscience's talents, he was named secretary of the reconstructed Academy of Arts at Antwerp, with a yearly salary of 2000 francs. Conscience was the first in Belgium who wrote a novel. His first production was 'The Year of Wonders (1566),' which met with a very favourable reception. His fame went on increasing, until the publication of his 'Lion of Flanders,' in 3 vols., a work which crowned his exertions, although he did not derive that benefit from it which he was entitled to expect. From that period he has given up historical novels, and applied himself chiefly to the delineation of pictures from every-day life, amongst which the genuine Flemish sketches of 'What a Mother can Endure,' 'The Progress of a Painter,' and 'Siska Van Roosemael,' may be called masterpieces, and were so admired, that we may assert of them, that they were not 'sold off,' but actually 'fought for.'"

These are the tales here translated, and beautiful compositions they are. A charming simplicity, both of thought and language, commends them to our regards; and there is a right wholesome tone of religious sentiment and moral principle pervading every page that cannot be too much applauded, and reminds us strongly of our own DICKENS in his happiest moods. CONSCIENCE (the author, we mean) is not content with lip-service to virtue; he is not one of your mere preachers of the word; he is a doer; he inculcates his lessons more by example than by precept. Hence is this a peculiarly excellent book for children.

CONSCIENCE is a Fleming, heart and soul. He is for abiding by the old manners of his country, and shunning innovation and newfangled notions, especially when introduced by foreigners. In the tale of "Siska" he aims at contrasting the substantial excellence of his countryfolk as they were, with their condition when contaminated by the influence of French immigrants. Thus happily does he bring into apposition what may be termed

OLD FLANDERS AND YOUNG FLANDERS.

The shoemaker, who had hitherto made a nice living, and, by wise economy, bought the house he lived in, one fine day, when Van Roosemael was feverish, had knocked his two street-windows into one large show-front; upon the glass panes of which he had painted, in gaudy colours, various French recom-

mendations of his goods. In the middle of the night you might read, "A la botte sans couture;" "Magasin de bottes et souliers de Paris;"—a falsehood, because he intended, as heretofore, to manufacture the boots and shoes himself. Underneath, you saw the picture of a man, whose eyes were dazzled from the reflection of the sun upon a polished boot; and beneath this masterpiece of puffing the words were written, "Véritable cirage Anglais!"—another falsehood, for that was also home-made, with the difference only that he now charged four times its former price. The corner pane bore the inscription, "Souliers en caoutchouc, poudre de savon, semelles de liège, &c." When Van Roosemael had recovered from his illness, and was walking at a slow pace through the street, his glance fell with surprise on the new window of the shoemaker. He stopped suddenly rubbed his eyes like a drowsy man, and looked musingly over the whole range of houses in the street, like a stranger who has lost his way. "What is the meaning of that?" thought he; "surely this is not Spinael's shop?—can he have changed his abode without my knowing it? Most probably another of those fellows who come here with the intention of swindling, and, by throwing dust into people's eyes, to have a better plea for bankruptcy, if the sheep are shorn. But he shan't catch me—" Whilst Van Roosemael stood musing, there stepped a gentleman from the interior of the shop to the door. He was showily dressed in a paletot of chequered cloth, drab-coloured trousers, and white waistcoat; he wore a mosaic gold chain, to which a watch or eye-glass was supposed to be attached. Crisp and beautifully black whiskers surrounded his face; his hair was artificially dressed, like that of the wax figures seen in barbers' windows. "Ah!" Van Roosemael thought, "that is he—a fine fellow, indeed!" But the new neighbour went straight up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Recovered! friend Van Roosemael?" The astounded man recognised the voice of Spinael, reeled back two steps, regarded his friend from top to toe, and with much simplicity said, "How very fine you look! Have you won the great prize in the Russian lottery? or have you inherited some property? If so, God prosper you; I congratulate you from all my heart.—Well, I never—How curious!—But all my lifetime I thought your hair was red!" Spinael smiled with a kind of contemptuous pity, and answered in that frivolous, easy manner, usually termed the "French polish":—"Van Roosemael, friend, you never will become a rich man. The world has changed; nobody, nowadays, will be caught without chaff and lifted twigs; bad wares nicely laid out are half sold. He who is obliged to make his living out of Flemish burghers, must plod his way to old age before he can say 'I am a made man!' You are too stingy, friend, and demand good leather and good work for small pay. 'Tis quite another thing with young France; there, business is to be done;—every month a new pair of boots, dearly paid, and easily made." The astounded Van Roosemael did not know whether he was awake or asleep. He had a singing in his ears from these strange words, and he was half inclined to think that Spinael had lost his senses. "But," interrupting him, he said, "I have been told that the French gentry often forget to pay. Do you take good care; several of these braggards are in my books; and you may shear long where there is no wool. Better a small honest gain, and a clear conscience."—"Antiquated talk, friend!" said the shoemaker; "if it is God's will, we shall talk over the same matter in some two or three years' time, and then we shall see who has fared best. My son Jules is in Paris to get a thorough knowledge of his business; I have some expectations of him."—"Who do you say is in Paris? Jules? Why I always thought I was godfather to your only son, and his name was John, like mine."—"Well, then, John is in Paris, only he has changed his vulgar name for Jules, which sounds much finer. And my daughter, who went into the pension this week, is now called Hortense. I merely tell you, that you may not call them John and Therese in the presence of my customers."

The story is of the misery brought upon two families by the education of their daughters in France, who return full of Frenchified notions, and despising every thing homely. The father of one of them, Hortense, is reduced to poverty, but still neither daughters nor son will assist him.

Whilst Van Roosemael's daughter was receiving her Frenchified education, things did not all go on well in Spinael's shop and household. The young French gentlemen very rarely paid their debts; and at the close of each theatrical season the comedians bolted, well provided with unpaid-for boots and shoes. Hortense, too, squandered away a goodly sum in dress and delicacies; probably she now and then gave something secretly to her needy lovers. In a word, Spinael got over head and ears in debt; his house was already loaded with heavy mortgages. In this mournful position the shoemaker's eyes gradually opened: the picture, with the bright boot, dazzling the spectator, lay torn in the lumber-room; and only one inscription was to be seen in the window-pane, in French and Flemish,—"*Depot of shoes.*"

But the French customers had forgotten the way to his gaudy shop; the shoes that had so soon given way remained heavily in their memory; and Spinael, with his paletot, his drab-coloured trousers, and pinchbeck chain, did not know any longer from what bird to feather his arrows: he was, in fact, a ruined man. Evil is naturally despotic. When once it has found its way to the heart, and has there met with friendly welcome, it insists on being the sole occupant, and extirpates, root and branch, all the virtues that found a lodging within. Nothing can withstand its incessant attacks. It drives every feeling of duty and propriety from its domicile, and takes possession of the entire man as of a slave. Spinael made this experience in a dreadful manner. Overwhelmed with debts, poor and miserable, he mourned his frivolity, and only hoped to find consolation in the sympathy of his daughter. But from her he received nothing but abusive reproaches; and, in spite of the want which oppressed him, the abandoned Hortense still continued squandering and contracting debts, only to gratify her luxurious habits. A short time afterwards, John, or rather Jules Spinael, as he now called himself, returned from Paris. But instead of sitting down upon the shoemaker's bench, and helping his unhappy father in his difficulties, the rascal would do nothing but dress smartly, lounge at coffee-houses and billiard-tables, and smoke cigars.

From the opening of the tale entitled "What a mother can endure!" we take a graphic sketch of

A WINTER DAY AT ANTWERP.

Grim cold was reigning during the last days of the month of January, 1841. The streets of Antwerp had put on their winter garments, and shone in pure white; the snow was still falling—not in tender flakes, enchanting the eye with their whirling dance, but in solid crystals, rattling like hail against the windows of the closely shut-up houses; and the sharp, icy wind drove most of those comfortable citizens who ventured to appear on their thresholds back to their heated stoves. Notwithstanding the bitter frost, and though it was only nine o'clock in the morning, many people, as it was market-day, were to be seen in the streets. The younger tried to get warm by running; sedate people breathed into their benumbed hands; the workpeople beat their arms briskly round their bodies. At this moment a young lady was walking, at a moderate pace, through a by-street, whose inhabitants she must have known well; for she went in and out of the poor houses, and frequently left them with an expression of satisfaction on her face. A silk quilted cloak enveloped her slender figure; a velvet bonnet covered her beautiful head, and protected her cheeks, which were nevertheless a little tinged with purple by the sharp air. A boa was twisted round her neck, and her hands hidden in a fine muff. This young lady, evidently of a rich family, stood on the threshold of a house, which she was about to enter, when she saw at a distance an acquaintance approaching. She now remained standing at the door of the humble dwelling, until her friend had come near, when she went up to her with a merry laugh, and addressed her thus: "Good morning, Adele; how are you?" "Pretty well—and you?" "Very well, thank Heaven! I am in such good health, and so happy, that I really cannot express it!" "How is that? methinks the weather is not so very pleasant?" "Oh yes, Adele! at least I find it so. Though I have only been up an hour I have already visited twenty poor dwellings. But I have seen such poverty, my dear Adele, as might break one's heart. Hunger, cold, disease, destitution beyond all description. Oh! now I feel the blessing of being wealthy; for what delight is there in charity!" "One would say that you are going to cry. I see the tear sparkling in your eyes! Indeed you are wrong to be so sentimental. The poor people are not so badly off; there are so many distributions—coals, bread, potatoes, all in abundance. Only yesterday I again subscribed fifty francs; and I confess that I prefer having my money distributed by others, to going to all the dirty dwellings myself." "Adele, you do not know the real poor. Do not judge of them from those tatterdemalions who consider beggary a good trade, and soil and tear their clothes on purpose to excite disgust and compassion. Come with me, my friend, and I'll shew to you working people, whose clothes are not ragged, and whose dwellings are not filthy; and who will open their mouths, not to crave charity, but to thank and to bless for gifts voluntarily bestowed upon them. You will see the torments of hunger depicted in their features, the frozen black bread between the benumbed fingers of the children, the tears of the mother, and the gloomy despair of the father. Oh! if you fixed your eyes upon this dumb image of grief and misery what angelic pleasure would you find in being able to remedy all this with a little money! You would see poor children jump up and grasp your clothes; the mother gratefully smiling on you; the father, in joyous forgetfulness, pressing your delicate hand in his own bony fingers, and moistening it with his burning tears!"

Confessions of an Homœopathist. 12mo. pp. 399. Dublin: Oldham. London: Whittaker. 1846.

"THE object of the author," says the preface, "in publishing this work, is to expose, in an agreeable form, the fallacies of a peculiar system of empiricism which has but too frequently succeeded in luring its dupes to their ruin."

We know nothing of the merits or demerits of homœopathy; but of this we are sure, that the author of these *Confessions* has chosen an illegitimate weapon for combating its doctrines. Whatever assumes the name or bears the aspect of science cannot fairly be fought by fiction; it can be properly contested only by facts, if it be a question of fact, or by argument if it be a deduction of reason from facts asserted or proved. It is obvious that fiction cannot effect this; for in the first place the reader knows not how much is fact and how much fancy, and the writer is subjected to temptations he cannot resist to present a one-sided case, and to frame his plot and mould his characters so that they shall strengthen his own side of the question, and cast a slur on his opponents; and if he plunges them into argument, he will be sure to give the victory to the party that represents his own views.

This is the principal objection we have to urge against the *Confessions of an Homœopathist*; but it is a fatal one, and would not be avoided by any merits in the fiction itself, even were they tenfold what they are.

As a story, these *Confessions* might have passed muster among the crowd. The plot is not ill-constructed, the incidents are amusing enough, and the descriptions are graphic. The characters, however, are not natural; they are made to suit the author's design, and smack of its vice; they have no prototypes in humanity, infinitely various as it is.

Inasmuch as we are loath to encourage controversial fictions of any kind, and especially such as are written with the purpose of defaming that which the author wants the knowledge or the ability to combat in fair fight, with lawful weapons, we cannot recommend these *Confessions* to any reader.

The Breach of Promise: a Novel. In 3 vols.

WE are doomed to read many worse novels than this. It is interesting, and must be read through by those who take it up, although it must be confessed that it will not endure a strictly critical examination. The author has the happy art of keeping up the excitement of his readers by variety of incident, and whenever the tale threatens to flag, some bit of spice is sure to be thrown in to suppress the yawn and restore attention. There is nothing very original in the framework of the story. Sir Felix Archer is an old worn-out baronet, who fancies himself in love with Lucilla, the beautiful and amiable daughter of a clergyman in narrow circumstances. To accomplish his object the baronet calls in the aid of some rude and vulgar acquaintances. But the assistants consider that a wealthy baronet would be a desirable acquisition to their own family circle, and they devise a scheme for putting their daughter in the place of Lucilla, and so bringing it about that the amorous old fool should commit himself by a promise of marriage, which, though intended by him for Lucilla, they manage to secure for themselves. Thence the lawsuit that gives the title to the work. How Lucilla sped, driven by poverty to a situation, there contracting a friendship for a wealthy but deformed lady, her love, its adventures, and their results, must be sought in the novel itself, which the library may order (if not very select), and the reader who has leisure may place upon his list.

POETRY.

The New Timon. In Four Parts. Part I. 8vo. pp. 45. London: Colburn.

IN the literary circles of London the rumour is that this very clever poem is the production of no less a personage than Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, and internal evidences strengthen the suspicion. Its sentiment belongs to the Pelham school; the structure of verse, and the entire tone of the composition are singularly like those of the poems that have appeared as the acknowledged productions of BULWER. CRABBE is the model, but it is CRABBE BULWER-ISED. The satire is severe and well aimed. The poet is no respecter of persons; he lays the lash about him vigorously upon such shoulders as he deems to deserve it, not sparing the proudest

peer. This modern *Timon* is at once a political and social reformer; he deals with parties and individuals in a manner which, to our great grandfathers, was more familiar than it has been to our generation. The genuine satire has, indeed, become almost extinct among us, and this endeavour to revive it, mingled with a fiction of great interest, will be welcomed alike for its daring and its success. As yet the author has published but one part, a small pamphlet of forty-five pages, doubtless desirous of feeling the pulse of the public before he proceeds further with his enterprise. But he need not fear his reception; so much ability as is here shewn will not be neglected, especially where it is enlivened by a spice of that personality which, in spite of better feelings, every body loves. Besides, there is mingled with this a great deal of true poetry, and the *tout ensemble* is as pleasant an hour's reading as we have lighted upon for many a day. Two or three passages will justify these commendations.

This part but opens the story, the details of which must be reserved until we receive its successors. London, however, is to be its scene, and St. James's-street the spot chosen for the introduction of a girl who is found by the modern *Timon* seated upon some door-steps.

She sate the homeless wanderer,—with calm eyes
Looking through tears, yet lifted to the skies:
Wistful but patient—sorrowful but mild,
As asking God when he would claim his child.
A face too young for such a tranquil grief,
The worm that gnawed the core had spared the leaf:
Though worn the cheek, with hunger or with care,
Yet still the soft fresh child-like bloom was there:
And each might touch you with an equal gloom,—
The youth, the care, the hunger, and the bloom.

He is so interested by her manner, her beauty, and her sorrow, that he offers her an honourable asylum with his only sister. Her sad history is beautifully told. She was the illegitimate child of one who had been basely betrayed and cruelly deserted. From this narrative we must take some passages.

And who the wanderer that hath shelter won
Beneath the roof of fortune's favoured son?
Ill stars predoomed her, and she stole to birth
Fresh from the heaven—law's outcast on the earth.
The child of love, betraying and betrayed,
The blossom opened in the upas shade:—
So ran the rumour: if the rumour lied,
The humble mother wept, but not denied:
Ne'er had the infant's slumber known a rest
On childhood's native shield—a father's breast.
Dead or neglectful, 'twas to her the same;
But oh, how dear—yea, dearer for the shame—
All that God hallows in a mother's name!
Here, one proud refuge from a world's disdain,
Here, the lost empress half resumes her reign;
Here the deep-fallen Eve sees Eden's skies
Smile on the desert from the cherub's eyes!
Sweet to each human heart the right to love,
But 'tis the deluge consecrates the dove;
And haply scorn yet more the child endears,
Cradled in misery, and baptized with tears.

Each then the all on earth unto the other,—
The smiling infant and the erring mother:
The one soon lost the smile which childhood wears,
Chilled by the gloom it marvels at—but shares;
The other, by that purest love made pure,
Learned to redeem, by labouring to endure:
Patience in penance, more than pain for deeds,
Draws the hived music from the bruised reeds.

Hard was their life, and lonely was their hearth:
Their kindness brought no holiday of mirth;
No kindred visited, no playmate came;
Joy—the proud worldling—shunned the child of shame.

So Lucy's April opened into May—
Fair time, to life frank Nature's holiday!
When unto most the imagined future seems
The ivory gate whence glide to shape the dreams;
When Love first trembles on the prison-bar
Of clay, and Hope flies fearless to the far:
Best time, to most the ideal heaven of man—
With her the Golden ceased, the Iron Age began.

Behold her by the couch, on bended knees!
There the wan mother—there the last disease!

Dread to the poor the least suspense of health,—
Their hands their friends, their labour all their wealth:
Let the wheel rest from toil a single sun,
And all the humble clock-work is undone.
The custom lost, the drain upon the hoard,
The debt that sweeps the fragment from the board,
How mark the hunger round thee, and be brave?
Foresee thy orphan, and not fear the grave?
Lower and ever lower in the grade
Of penury fell the mother and the maid,
Till the grim close; when, as the midnight rain
Drove to the pallet through the broken pane,
The dying murmured: "Near—thy hand—more near!
I am not what scorn deemed; yet not severe
The doom which leaves me in the hour of death
The right to bless thee with my parting breath:
These, worn till now, wear thou, his daughter. Live
To see thy sire, and tell him—I forgive!"
Cold the child thrills beneath the hands that press
Her bended neck—slow slackens the caress;
Loud the roof rattles with the stormy gust;
The grief is silent, and the love is dust:
From the spent fuel God's bright spark is flown,
And there the Motherless and Death—alone!
Then fell a happy darkness o'er the mind,—
That trance, that pause, the tempest leaves behind:
Still with a timid step around she crept,
And sighed "she sleeps," and smiled. Too well she slept!
Dark strangers entered in the squalid cell;
Rude hirelings placed the pauper in the shell;
Harsh voices questioned of the name and age—
E'en paupers live upon the parish page.
She answers not, or sighs, and smiles, and keeps
The same meek language: "Hush! my mother sleeps."
They thrust some scanty pence into her palm,
And led her forth, scarce marvelling at her calm,
And bade her work, not beg—be good, and shun
All bad companions: so their work was done,
And the wreck left to drift amidst the roar
Of the Great Ocean with the rocky shore.
And thou hast found a shelter, hapless one!
Not yet too late breaks on thy morn the sun;
Not yet deferred till Hope hath drooped too long
To plume the pinion, and to pour the song:
Hope—the sweet bird!—while that the air can fill,
Let earth be ice, the soul has summer still!

In the dwelling of the modern *Timon* and his sister Calantha, the child of shame and sorrow finds peace and love, and she dedicates herself with the devotion of an affectionate heart to the service of her kind protectress. Her existence here is thus described:—

Oft, after all the cheerful smiles of day,
When by her couch she knelt at night to pray,
As some fair lake reflects, when day is o'er,
With stiller deeps and clearer tide the shore,
So night and calm the lengthening memory glassed,
And from the silence rose distinct the past.
Again she sees her mother's gentle face,
Again she feels the mother's soft embrace;
Again the mother's sigh of pain she hears,
And starts—and lo, the spell dissolves in tears!
Tears that too well that faithful grief reveal,
Which smiles, by day made duties, would conceal.
So droop the flowers when lonely eve renews
Earth's and heaven's union in baptizing dews.

It was a noon of summer in its glow,
And all was life, but London's life, below,
As by the open casement half reclined
Calantha's languid form; a gentle wind
Brought to her cheek a bloom unwonted there,
And stirred the light wave of the golden hair.
Hers was a beauty that made sad the eye,
Bright, but fast fading, like a twilight sky;
The shape so finely, delicately frail,
As formed for climes unruddied by a gale;
The lustrous eye, through which looked forth the soul
Bright and more brightly as it neared the goal;
The fatal clearness of the varying hue,
Where life the quick lamp shines, in flickering through;
The waning beauty, the funereal charms
With which Death steals his bride into his arms.

The mansion they inhabited looked upon St. James's Park, and this enables the author to introduce some graphic sketches of London life, and some portraits of celebrated personages.

The window opened on that breadth of green,
To half the pomp of elder days the scene.
Gaze to thy left, there the Plantagenet
Looked on the lists for Norman knighthood set;
Bright issued forth, where yonder archway glooms,
Banner and trump and steed, and waves of plumes,
As with light heart rides wanton Anne to brave
Tudor's grim love, the purple and the grave.
Gaze to the right, where now, neat, white, and low,
The modest Palace looks like Brunswick Row,
There echoed once the merriest orgies known
Since the frank Norman won grave Harold's throne;
There bloomed the mulberry groves, beneath whose shade
His easy loves the royal Rowley made;
Where Villiers flaunted, and where Sedley sung,
And wit's loose diamonds dropped from Wilmot's tongue,
All at rest now—all dust! wave flows on wave,
But the sea dries not!—what to us the grave?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for a while and murmur, "All must die!"
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore.

And o'er the altered scene Calantha's eye
Roves listless, yet Time's great the passers by.
Along the road still fleet the men whose names
Live in the talk the moment's glory claims.
There, for that storm or stagnor, "the debate,"
Pass to their post the helmsmen of the state.
Now "on his humble but his faithful steed,"
Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed;
Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze,
And still the cautious trot the cautious mind betrays.
Wise is thy heed!—how stout soe'er his back,
Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack.

Next, with loose rein and careless canter, view
Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo;
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest,
The firm shape rigid in the buttoned vest;
Within—the iron which the fire has proved,
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved.
Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where mispent,—
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole,
The heat and affluence of a genial power,
Rank in the weed as vivid in the flower;
Hushed at command his veriest passions halt,
Drilled is each virtue, disciplined each fault;
Warm if his blood, he reasons while he glows,
Admits the pleasure, ne'er the folly knows;
If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set,
He had won the Venus, but escaped the net;
His eye ne'er wrong, if circumscribed the sight,
Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
Seen through the telescope of habit still,
States seem a camp, and all the world—a drill.
Yet, oh, how few his faults, how pure his mind,
Beside his fellow-conquerors of mankind!

Let us add the portraits of O'CONNELL and Lord STANLEY.

He, like Lysander, never deems it sin
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin;
Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all.
First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
"Rebellion's art is never to rebel—
Elude all danger, but defy all laws,"
He stands himself the safe sublime he draws.
In him behold all contrasts which belong
To minds abused, but passions roused, by wrong—
The blood all fervour, and the brain all guile,
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile.

One after one the lords of time advance:
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns—the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate,
Nor gout nor toll his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.
First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring;
Even at the feast his pluck pervades the board,
And dauntless game-cocks symbolize their lord.

These will be sufficient to shew what a treat is in store
should this fragment find an encouraging reception, of which,
we trust, there can be no doubt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A World of Wonders; with Anecdotes and Opinions concerning Popular Superstitions. Edited by ALBANY POYNTEZ. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE contents of this volume could not be guessed from the title. We opened it anticipating a sort of reproduction of a book which we remember to have dearly loved in our boyhood called "The Hundred Wonders of the World." But we had not turned many leaves before the design of Mr. POYNTEZ was apparent. It was to collect the most remarkable "vulgar errors," and shew their fallacy,—a design not without utility; for, in spite of the boasted spread of education, and the diffusion of science among the popular world, it is extraordinary how many prejudices yet prevail, even in circles that might be supposed to be well read, and not merely on matters that are subjects of theory and opinion, but on matters of fact. Mr. POYNTEZ will therefore do some service by directing attention to the more prominent of these errors, and he has effected his object in a form calculated to attract the general reader, having studied to amuse as well as to instruct.

His subjects are drawn from a variety of sources; natural history supplies the greater portion; science yields many; general history a few. The style of the work can best be shewn by extract, and it affords a copious supply of amusing material for such a purpose, but our restricted limits compel us to be content with but a few of those we had marked. They shall be thrown together in as miscellaneous a fashion as they were found. The very variety will add to their interest:—

POPE JOAN.

The invention of Pope Joan is still more easily accounted for; as originating in the desire of the reformed church to expose to contempt the honour of the see of Rome. No contemporary writer so much as alludes to her existence; nor till sixty years after the period assigned as that of her adventures, do we find the monk Radulphus relating the scandalous chronicle of her pretended pontificate. A story of this description once set afloat will never want for commentators; and a variety of other writers instantly seized upon it, improving the details at leisure.

VERBAL DELICACY.

Of late years, the ears of the world have become more than ever chaste and refined; and certain words freely used by Shakespeare, in presence of the court of the virgin queen, and by Molière, in presence of that of the most dignified of European monarchs, are now utterly proscribed, and expunged from the modern stage. The fluctuations of opinion on these points are highly diverting. Dean Swift relates that, in his early days, the word "whiskers" could not be mentioned in a lady's presence; a fact we should be inclined to class among the ingenious fictions of the Dean of St. Patrick, but that at the present day that rational nation, the Americans, have not courage to pronounce the word leg, even in talking of the limb of a table or of a partridge. The false delicacy of the English takes refuge in a foreign language. All such articles of dress or furniture as are held of a nature unmentionable to ears polite are named in French; as if the word *chemise* were a less explicit designation of an indispensable under-garment than the matter-of-fact word *shift*! All this is contemptible hypocrisy, and a silly compromise with common sense. Such an abbreviation as *crim. con.* conveys fully as indelicately an illusion as the same words written and pronounced in full.

INCOMBUSTIBLE MEN.

For another case equally remarkable, we are indebted to Sementini, an eminent professor of chemistry at Naples.

A Sicilian, named Lionetti, came to that city for the purpose of exhibiting feats of incombustibility; and soon excited public astonishment by his power of drawing a red-hot plate of iron over his hair without singeing it, on which he afterwards stamped with his naked feet. He also drew rods of red-hot iron through his mouth, swallowed boiling oil, dipped his fingers in molten lead, and dropped some on his tongue. He fearlessly exposed his face to the flames of burning oil, poured sulphuric or muriatic acid upon lighted embers, and imbibed the fumes; ending by allowing a thick gold pin to be thrust deep into his flesh.

The Neapolitans were as much enchanted by the feats of Lionetti as the Parisians with those of the incombustible Spaniard. But at Naples Sementini, who was on the watch, perceived that at the moment the fire-proof man applied the heated materials to his skin, there escaped a whitish vapour. Instead of swallowing a glass of boiling oil, according to his announcement, he intro-

duced only a quarter of a spoonful into his mouth, and a few drops of molten lead upon his tongue, which was covered with a white fur like the secretion perceptible in cases of fever. When he took the hot iron between his teeth, symptoms of suppressed pain were perceptible; and the edges of his teeth were evidently charred by previous performances of a similar description. From these appearances Sementini inferred that Lionetti made use of certain preparations which secured him against the influence of heat, by hardening the epidermis; and that his skin having become callous from use, was itself able to resist, to a certain degree, the action of fire. These conclusions, which concur with those made by Dodart in the case of Richardson, were verified by personal observation and careful experiment.

After many fruitless attempts to discover the chemical agents used by the Incombustibles, the persevering Sementini found, that by frequent frictions of sulphuric acid he was able to inure his flesh to the contact of red-hot iron; and we are bound to admire the patience and courage of those who, for the benefit of scientific discovery, attempt experiments of so powerful and perilous a nature. To have exposed a fallacy in matters of science is equal to the discovery of a fact; and the extirpation of a single error or false conclusion from the popular mind is an act deserving of gratitude.

Sementini found, that by bathing the parts thus deprived of their usual sensitiveness with solution of alum, their former sensibility to heat was restored: and one day, happening to smear with soap the parts he had softened in this manner with alum, he found, to his great surprise, that they became hardened anew against the action of heat. The experimentalist instantly applied to his tongue a preparation of soap, and found that it enabled him to defy the contact of iron heated to a white heat. To neutralize the faculty thus acquired, he had only to sprinkle his tongue with sugar; a new application of soap serving at any moment to render it fire-proof.

THE NOSE.

Amongst Europeans, the Italians rank first for beauty of nose: the Dutch, for the excessive ugliness of that feature. The English nose is apt to be thick and cartilaginous; that of the Jews, somewhat crooked. In France, almost every man of genius has had a well-formed nose. Short and flat noses, so censured by Aristotle, still rank low in the science of physiognomy. Socrates, however, was a singular instance of a hideous nose. Boerhaave and Gibbon possessed one of the same disagreeable form.

OYSTERS.

Pliny maintains that oysters grow fat or thin according to the phases of the moon; while most modern oyster-enters attribute the change to certain months, rather than certain weeks of the year. It is an equally erroneous supposition that milk promotes the digestion of oysters; which may be proved by trying to dissolve them in hot or cold milk. The prejudice that they are out of season when no *r* figures in the name of the month originated in the difficulty of transferring them fresh from the coast to the capital during the months of May, June, July, and August. By the sea-side, they will be found good at all seasons of the year.

AGE OF STAGS.

Hesiod, an ancient Greek poet, whose works have only partially reached us, was the first to institute a comparative inquiry into the age of the crow and the stag. Hesiod assigns eighty-six years as the average span of human life; yet he asserts that the rook attains eight hundred and sixty-four years, and the crow thrice as many. Towards the stag he is still more liberal; declaring that these animals have been known to attain their thirty-fifth century. Considering the age we assign to the world itself when Hesiod flourished in it, no great experience as to the average existence of so sempiternal an animal could have influenced his opinion.

According to many ancient writers besides Hesiod, the stag is the longest-lived of animals; and the Egyptians have adopted it as the emblem of longevity. Pliny relates, that one hundred years after the death of Alexander, several stags were taken in the different forests of Macedonia, to whose necks that great monarch had with his own hand attached collars. * * * Aristotle decided the age of the stag, not from the shewing of poets and traditions, but from the indications of experiment. Having dissected a considerable number of these animals, he pronounced their ordinary age to be from thirty to thirty-six years. Buffon was of a similar opinion; which has been adopted by most succeeding naturalists. It has been established as a law of comparative physiology, that the life of a mammiferous animal is in proportion to its period of gestation and the duration of its growth. The sheep and goat who bear their young five months, and whose growth lasts two years, live from eight to ten. The horse, which is borne ten months, and whose growth requires from five to six years, lives from thirty to forty. We are of course speaking of the horse in its natural state, uninjured by

premature and excessive labour. When submitted to the hands of man, the noble animal is condemned to premature old age, by the application of spur and thong before it attains sufficient strength for the unnatural speed it is compelled to attempt and the burdens it is forced to bear. Nor, even under these circumstances, is it allowed to attain the span of life assigned by nature; the hand of the knacker being put in request to end its days the moment its services cease to be profitable to its master.

The camel, which is borne ten months, and requires four years for its bodily development, usually attains the age of fifty. The elephant, requiring a year's gestation, attains the climax of its growth at thirty, and lives to a hundred. The gestation of a stag, therefore, being but of eight months, there is no reason to infer a deviation in its favour from the laws governing the nature of all other animals of the same genus.

"The stag," says Buffon, "whose growth requires six years, lives from thirty to forty. The prodigious age originally ascribed to this animal is a groundless invention of the poets, of which Aristotle demonstrated the absurdity."

BITE OF THE TARANTULA.

The bite of the tarantula spider was long said to produce involuntary dancing; simply because the persons bitten, on applying to the local practitioners of the healing art, were instantly ordered to dance the *pizzica*, the rapid Sicilian dance of the provinces where the tarantula abounds, in order to promote circulation, and neutralize the effects of the poison. Whole villages used to assemble to witness the result, and whenever the patient expired of the bite of the reptile, he was said to have danced himself to death. Such is the origin of the Neapolitan superstition of the tarantula.

We conclude with two anecdotes from the chapter on

VENTRILQUIZM.

Philippe, a favourite actor of the Théâtre des Variétés, on his marriage with Mademoiselle Volnais, the actress, proceeded with her into Lorraine to visit an estate they had purchased; when the tenants having thought proper to favour them with a magnificent reception, in the course of the day, the bridegroom, deserting his place of honour, strolled out among the revellers. While he appeared to be only conversing in a grave manner with the Mayor of the place, to the dismay of the simple villagers, strange voices were heard to issue from tuns of wine, reproaching them with their excesses; and from wheelbarrows, reproving them for their idleness. The whole village fancied itself bewitched; while Philippe enjoyed, for the first time of his life, on his own account, a talent he had so often exercised for the amusement of others.

Comte, the best ventriloquist now extant, has performed a thousand similar exploits. When on his travels in Belgium, he caused the voice of Margaret of Austria to issue from her tomb in the Church of Bron, addressing a reprimand to the verger. At Rheims, he was nearly the cause of depopulating the quarter of St. Nicholas, by causing voices to issue from a variety of graves in the churchyard; while at Nevers he revived the miracle of Balaam, by enabling an overlaid ass to reproach its master with his cruelty.

Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect, collected and arranged by Uncle Jan Treenoodle, &c. &c. London, 1846. J. R. Smith.

THE purpose of this volume is to preserve some specimens of the Cornish provincial dialect, now fast disappearing under the influence of increased communication, and indeed scarcely to be heard, save in the remote districts where there is little traffic and intercourse with strangers. "To be properly appreciated," observes the preface, "it should be heard, being accompanied by a peculiar intonation or singing accent, a species of recitative which has rather a pleasing effect, though it may render the dialect less intelligible to those unaccustomed to it." The following particulars are curious:—

It is quite distinct from the ancient Cornish language, which was a dialect of the Celtic, and very similar to the Welsh. This has been obsolete as a living language for some centuries. Andrew Borde, a physician in the time of Henry VIII. says: "In Cornwall is two species, the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe." This implies that the Cornish was then no longer the general language of the country. Carew, in his Survey, 1602, writes: "Most of the inhabitants can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be." Norden, whose survey of the county was written about 1584, says: "Of late the Cornishe men haue muche conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tounge, and their

Englishe is equal to the beste, especially in the easterne partes ; even from *Truro* eastward it is in manner wholly Englishe. In the weste parte of the country, as in the hundreds of *Pencith* and *Kerrier*, the Cornishe tounge is moste in vse amongst the inhabitants, and yet (whiche is to be marueyled) though the husband and wife, parentes and children, master and seruantes, doe mutually communicate in their native language, yet there is none of them in manner but is able to conuers with a *straunger* in the Englishe tounge, vnless it be some obscure people that seldome confer with the better sorte : but it seemeth that in few yeares the Cornishe language wilbe by little and little abandoned." Seawen, towards the latter part of the 17th century, states, that Mr. Francis Robinson of Landwednack (the parish at the Lizard) had recently preached a sermon in Cornish, as being the language best known to his auditory ; but this was in a remote part of the county, having little communication with others, and he is said to have been the last person who preached in Cornish ; Seawen adds, that an old woman had died about two years before, at the great age of 164, who could scarcely speak any thing but Cornish ; but he says, that the old language was, in general, quite extinct. Ray, in 1662, says, that Mr. Dicken Gwyn was considered the only person who could write in the Cornish language, that few of the children could speak it, and that it would soon be lost. Hals, in the beginning of last century, remarks, that the old Cornish tongue was retained in the parish of Feock, till about 1640, and that Mr. William Jackman the Vicar, was obliged to administer the sacrament in that tongue, because the old people did not well understand English. It had probably ceased to be generally spoken in the county prior to the time of Henry VIII. ; but a disquisition on this subject would scarcely be in character with the slight pretensions of this compilation. However, in the latter half of the past century, Dolly Pentreath is mentioned as the last person speaking this tongue ; but as there is no account from any person well skilled in the subject, particularizing her idiom, it may have been only a very broad provincial dialect, intermixed with much of the ancient language, which, with a stranger, might have passed for old Cornish. About the same time, or but a few years previous, two other old women are mentioned (Jane Cock and Jane Woolcock), who were conversant with the language. Dolly Pentreath died in 1778, aged 102 ; and as she, at all events, has the reputation of being the last speaker of ancient Cornish, her portrait taken from a contemporary print, appears as our frontispiece. An engraving of her is also given in Cyrus Redding's illustrated Cornwall, a book which every admirer of the country should have. The modern provincial dialect contains many Cornish words, and also several Saxon terms now in general obsolete, but which were in common use about the time of Queen Elizabeth, and may be found in Shakespere and cotemporary writers.

Besides the specimens of the dialect of Cornwall, this volume contains some pieces connected with the county, illustrative of old customs or otherwise interesting. To these we confine our extracts, as the dialect will be unintelligible to our readers. Here is a receipt for a dish famous, not in Cornwall alone, but in Devonshire. It is *really* very good.

SQUAB PIE.

Phillis ! lovely charmer, say,
Would'st thou know th' unerring way,
And with heart unfailling wish
Made by thee the Cornish dish ?

First from bounteous Ceres store,
Walls erect of wheaten flour,
Walls, of which the ample round
Holds within a gulf profound ;
Then in parts minutely nice,
Soft and fragrant apples slice ;
With its dainty flesh, the sheep
Next must swell the luscious heap ;
Then the onions savory juice
Sprinkle, not with hand profuse,
Merely what may sting the eye,
Not make charming Phillis cry.

These ingredients well disposed,
And the summit fairly closed,
Lives the epicure, whose heart
Will not feel of love the smart ?
If not for Phillis' self, at least
For Phillis' pie ! and Phillis' paste !

The following song is remarkable for the custom with which it is associated, and which is thus described :—

• The Furry-day Song is sung annually on the morning of the 8th of May, at Helstone, where an ancient custom is kept up, for all ranks to dance through the streets to a peculiar tune ;

each class forming its distinct set, and fadé-ing through the town with great spirit. The origin of this custom is unknown, and it would be curious to know when and why the first Furry-day was kept. Many theories have been started on the subject, and if we had at work for us the intelligence in these matters of a Crofton Croker it might perhaps have been discovered. Some have derived it from the Floralia ; D. Gilbert from "foray," supposing it to be in commemoration of some victory over the Saxons ; but neither of these suppositions are probable. It may have had rise from some of the May-day ceremonies, modified by local traditions. Certain great feasts used to continue for several days, the first and the octave or last being more peculiarly days of rejoicing or solemnity. There is a tradition that St. Michael, the patron saint of Helstone, made his appearance, or apparition as it is called, on the 8th of May, at St. Michael's Mount, on a rock called his chair. This may have been a reason for making the octave of the May feast, or 8th of May, a marked day at Helstone, and when May-day festivities became obsolete here, as elsewhere, the Furry-day continued to be observed, as at this present time, with much zeal and enjoyment. A description of the custom may be found in the various county histories, but a singular mistake occurs throughout, by adapting the song to the dance tune. It is sung to an old tune, or chant, as old perhaps as the custom.

These are the words of the chant :

THE FURRY-DAY SONG.

Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to Fair, O,
And we will go to the merry green wood
To see what they do there, O
And for to chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe,
With Halantow,
Rumbelow !

For we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer home.
The Summer, and the May, O,
For Summer is a-come, O,
And Winter is agone, O !

Where are those Spaniards,
That make so great a boast, O ?
They shall eat the grey goose feather,
And we will eat the roast, O !
In every land, O,
The land, where'er we go.
With Halantow, &c.

As for St. George, O,
Saint George, he was a Knight, O !
Of all the Knights in Christendom,
Saint Georgy is the right, O !
In every land, O,
The land where'er we go.
With Halantow, &c.

God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
And all her powers and might, O,
And send us peace in merry England,
Both day and night, O,
And send us peace in merry England,
Both now and evermore, O !
With Halantow, &c.

The Comic Blackstone. By GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT.
London, 1846. Punch Office.

A REPRINT, in the form of an elegant volume of the *jeu d'esprit* which must be familiar to all our readers, from its appearance in sections, in the pages of *Punch*. The fun lies in the gravity with which he proceeds to travestie the immortal Commentaries on the Laws of England, converting the driest topics of legal discourse into the most outrageous absurdities, while carefully preserving the likeness to the original. We must say that the work was much more readable in parts than as a whole ; for one wearies even of laughter, and the sides ache before half-a-dozen leaves have been turned. To attempt any description of that which is so well known, would be a waste of words. Enough to place its appearance in this collected form among the literary events of the week. It is a book that must be called in to enliven the Christmas circle, and therefore we do no more than take two or three extracts, whose claims we cannot resist.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S DUTY.

It is one of the beautiful provisions of the English law, that not knowing it forms no excuse for not obeying it. It is an in-

genious fiction of British policy that every person in the kingdom purchases every Act of Parliament, and carefully reads it through; therefore there can be no possible excuse for being ignorant of the laws that are made every session.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

In England it has always been difficult to apportion the quantity of punishment due to different crimes; but some general rules have been usually acted on. Thus, stealing a loaf on account of hunger is a grave and serious offence; for it is a melancholy business, and the punishment is no joke; but wrenching a knocker from a door and running away with it, is neither grave nor serious, because there is some fun about it, and the penalty, to be in character, is proportionably ludicrous. The criminal law in this country formerly made hanging a matter of such fatal facility, that "Hang me," and "I'll see you hanged first," are to this day familiar phrases amid all classes of English society. Excess, however, always brings an end to an evil; and the sanguinary system of capital punishments having been allowed a frightful abundance of rope, has at last nearly worked out its own destruction.

GOVERNMENT.

There are three forms of government—a democracy, where the mass takes such liberties in the lump that there is no liberty left for allotment among private individuals—an aristocracy, which we need not particularly describe—or a monarchy, where one individual is absolute within a certain space, like the square-keeper of a square, who is fortunately the only specimen of pure despotism that this free country possesses.

RULE OF AN HEREDITARY MONARCHY.

First of the Title. It is of the highest importance to avoid those unseemly scrambles for the crown, which, while forming capital subjects for dramatic representation—vide Richard the Third—would be a great interruption to the business of everyday life if they were at the present time liable to happen. The grand fundamental maxim, on the right of succession to the throne, must be taken to be this, that the crown is hereditary in all cases except those in which it isn't.

The Highway Account-Book. Stamford: Bagley. London: Edwards and Hughes.

THIS is an extremely useful and ingenious book, invaluable to all concerned in the management of highways. It contains, first, a page for an inventory of tools; then a number of pages conveniently ruled for keeping the weekly account; then the schedule to be filled up by surveyors of highways, and presented by them, with their accounts, to the magistrates.

It is got up on good paper, neatly printed, ruled, and bound; and there are two editions, a larger and a smaller one, to meet the wants of parishes of different sizes.

The Poor-Rate Book. Stamford: Bagley. London: Groombridge.

THIS is another work of the same class as the last. It is for the use of overseers, to enable them to readily make out their assessments, according to the form required by the statute, and the regulations of the Poor-law Commissioners. It is very complete, and will be found a great convenience to parish officers.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository, for the Year 1846. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

A COMPLETE book of reference, containing a greater mass of useful information than any similar work with which we are acquainted. Every conceivable information relative to Scotland is here compressed.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE LYRICAL POETESSES OF GERMANY IN 1845.

IN the fields of classic literature, distinguished women are very, very thinly scattered to what we find them in the present day. How dazzling are the names of CORINNA and SAPPHO through the twilight of Hellenic antiquity! How carefully have the little fragments that remain from them been again and again collected! How much has one mourned over the paucity of their numbers! In our days, on the contrary, when every moon brings forth a new CORINNA or a new SAPPHO

(if only in the opinions of the ladies themselves), and every one of real or fancied sensibility would emancipate herself from the misty atmosphere of kitchen or nursery, to earn either fame or maintenance in the regions of literature or art, female artists cannot possibly shine forth as they formerly did, seeing that their number is now legion, and talent become in fact the common inheritance of their sex. But we must make one remark to the effect, that the women who, in this age, distinguish themselves by the exercise of free art or those pursuits which gratify the senses, gain infinitely more, both in gold and laurels, than those who, laying claim to deeper intelligence, strive after the throne of the Delphic god through the domain of poetry and imagination. Think for one moment of the idolized shoe of a FANNY ELLSLER or a TAGLIONI, or the incense thrust by our sonnetting dandies under the very noses of a PASTA, a SCHRODER DEUVRENT, a JENNY LIND, or a GRISI. How many degrees cooler we are, regarding the performances of other women in the department of novels and romances, where, by the by, they evidence a most remarkable fecundity! For, independently of what we see done by THERESE HUBER, JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER, AMELIE SCHOPPE, REGINA FROBERG, or, later, FRAU VON PAALZAN, GRAFIN IDA HAHN HAHN, and others, the literary market is absolutely overflowed with female romances; but it seems the opinion of most critics that this mass of fiction, losing in depth what it gains in breadth, fails in exciting the permanent sympathy of the reading world. Still more indifferent are we regarding the lyrics of the fair sex: no one ever cares to see their poems; in fact, many men rather regard with a suspicious eye those women who employ themselves with the pen and count syllables on their fingers, instead of handling knitting-needles and making shirts; they seem to be looked upon as further from their sphere than dancers, actresses, or singers. Perhaps it is for this reason that at the present day we have but few verse-making women to pass our judgment upon. As far as we are aware, the year 1843 produced, in Germany, but six only; the year following, we believe, only four.

But let us commence our notice with a parallel.

Assuredly an ungracious and important task; one that requires the delicacy of a courtier, the impartiality and courage of a Paris. Let us attempt it, however. The two lyrical ladies whom we are about to contrast with one another, are LOUISE VON PLOENNIES (Gedichte von Louise von Ploennies. Darmstadt) and MARGARETHE ADELMANN (Gedichte von Margarethe Adelmann. Leipzig: Brockhaus). MARGARETHE loves to reflect, to describe, as the poem entitled "Kindheit" alone demonstrates. In LOUISA's songs, on the contrary, all reflection is generally thrown far in the background by the spirit of gentle dreaminess which pervades all she writes: she neither sings nor speaks; she paints with the heart and the fancy, and her songs bear the unmistakable impress of irresistible and overpowering feminine feeling. On this account it is that many of her works lose in form what they gain in intensity. MARGARETHE dedicates her collection to the German women, or, rather, "to the beams which shine down from the starry throne into the heart of man." She seems, too, to have a suspicion that verse-making is not exactly her province, and thus places herself in her first poem, "Mein Bild," under the ægis of a few apologetic lines. Confessions or acknowledgments of this kind you never meet with in LOUISE. Both feel themselves emancipated; MARGARETHE, by conscious and unceasing efforts after the one point; LOUISE, by the help of her free genius; both poetize the Rhine. MARGARETHE apostrophizes its charms in well-known and well-worn phrases; LOUISE breathes a gentle elegy over its waters, and brings forward many of its historical associations; while both honour the nightingale by selecting it as the subject of a lay. MARGARETHE calls upon her to relieve her anguish; LOUISE regards her as a prophetic of immortality. LOUISE loves to shed a glow of gentle earnestness over her worlds, and rarely, if ever, enters the domains of pain and sorrow. MARGARETHE, on the contrary, pleads guilty to the latter. In the poem entitled "Sonnenschein," she rises higher than usual, but nowhere does she attain LOUISE's inward exaltation. From both, too, we have ballads and romances; from LOUISE also poetical tales, sagas, and legends. MARGARETHE opens with an original knightly romance, in which she combines much that is commonplace and even trivial; while LOUISE selects, for the first argument of her muse, a subject from

real life—the unfortunate poetess of France, ELISE MÉRCAUR. Neither can MARGARETHE ever become vigorous and energetic, as we find LOUISE in the “Lied der Schmidt von Lübeck.” Her interest is raised also by facts and circumstances of the time, and under the title “Der Eisenbahn” we have some animated and inspiring lines. Nothing that MARGARETHE has produced can be compared with these, or with the heartfelt little song “Warum schlägt so laut mein Herz,” or even with the dazzling colours of “Tinctora Thebaica.” In conclusion, we must say that in respect of form LOUISE approaches perfection; while MARGARETHE has much hardness of versification, and many blunders in rhythm to overcome; so that when weighed in the critical balance it might be said that the latter sinks where the former rises.

This is the sum of our comparisons; a result which we inscribe with some little compunction; but, in the conviction that impartiality is the soul of truth, we must trust that no Trojan war will be the consequence. In future, perhaps, we may guard against parallels of this nature, they are apt to be invidious; meanwhile let us mention AMALIE VON WINTZINGERODE alone, and without the presence of any other deity. Heaven has not given to AMALIE a large or very brilliant domain in the kingdom of intelligence; rather a soft, contented, amicable, upward-looking heart; but is not this enough of a gift? She gazes earnestly and deeply into the book of nature. The pictures which she paints from the great mother are true and faithful, nowhere is the colour laid on too thick or too thin; the piety and resignation of her mind soon quells every complaint in its birth, as witness “Sehnsucht.” Her powers are in perfect harmony one with another, the understanding directing the phantasy and setting bounds to the fervour of imagination. “Rath” is a little poem of much grace; “Lebensbedingung” we may also name as one among the best; “Bitte,” “Klage,” and “Euthehartes Glück,” have a general tone of pleasing melancholy; “Ersatz” is a little poem of powerful feeling, and “Die Ferne” is a beautiful song, well adapted for musical composition.

Our fourth subject is an Anonyma, whose poetical fragments appear as “Erinnerungsgabe.” The preface informs us that MARIA CLEMENTINE evidenced in extreme youth great powers of poetical composition, that the presentiment of an early death was verified in her twenty-first year, and that in her last days she expressed the wish that her scattered poems should be collected and published. Her friends have performed this last request, and the result is before us. Were the case otherwise than what it is, we should say we had here the efforts of a young beginner, perhaps not without talent, who, however, had not yet acquired a fine rhythmical ear, nor sufficient acquaintance with metre; meanwhile, a feeling of compassion, and the consciousness that the writer is now beyond all earthly judgment, brings the voice of criticism to silence. It would seem, from the poems, that she died of grief, brought on by disappointed affections. They are all remarkable for a sentiment of feverish longing for the quiet of the grave. In “Vernichtung” she utters a prayer that she may never wake again when once her eyes have closed in their death slumber. “Die Macht der Liebe” may be ranked among her best productions; here and there it surprises by force of imagination, bold and free, though the same tone of melancholy pervades the whole. “Margarethe’s Brantkleid” is perhaps more original in its invention, and more direct in its influence upon the heart; but “Das Heimroch” may be regarded as giving us more promise of the powers of the author had her life been less short, and her fate less melancholy. One closes the volume with a sigh, blended at the same time with a feeling of thankfulness, that death has given this aching heart the rest it needed.

Very differently must we regard the name of ELIZABETH KULMAN, the fifth in our female gallery. She also disappeared in the bloom of years, but not weary of life—not longing for the calm of the grave like MARIA CLEMENTINE, but rather trembling before death as before the destroyer of all coming joys—all future fame.

ELIZABETH KULMAN was born at Petersburg in the year 1808. Her father, BORIS FEDOROWITCH KULMAN, died when she was very young, leaving an unprotected widow with two daughters and seven sons, of the latter of whom five fell on the field of battle for the liberation of Germany. The eldest sister married. ELIZABETH was the youngest child.

Her biography precedes this edition of her collected poems. We know not whether HERR VON GROSSHEINRICH or her preceptor is the author of this little memoir. ALEXANDER NIKITENKO published a more lengthy biography of this young genius some time since at Petersburg. ELIZABETH’S mind developed itself so early and so strongly that it was the fear of her friends this extraordinary precocity would produce effects injurious to her physical powers. At three years of age the child evidenced with a strong disposition to the marvellous, powers of quick observation, and an imagination which peopled the inanimate world with a thousand strange and wonderful beings. Her mother, mistress alike of the German and Russian languages, was her first and most excellent instructress, it was only to be regretted that her limited circumstances disabled her from devoting more to the education of this promising child. The preceptor who afterwards attended her, recognised in her at once that power of development which would work its way under the most disadvantageous conditions, and that all which remained for him to do was to remove every obstacle from her path.

She began with writing grammar, &c.; to these followed history and geography. In her ninth year he first made her acquainted with poetry, by means of the works of GELLERT, GESSNER, and MATHISONN. At the same time she received instruction in the French language. Although her tutor had carefully abstained from giving her any idea of rhyme or metre, she secretly composed and transcribed verses. Her first efforts, such as must be expected from a child of nine, are only interesting as specimens of youthful simplicity. Italian, also, she studied at this period, and, at the end of three months, was capable of reading the “Jerusalem Delivered,” which, on her tenth birthday, was given to her in gingerbread, and with which she was so delighted that she committed much of it to memory. From a friend of her father’s, an Englishman, she learnt the English language, in which MILTON was her hero. The councillor MEDER, likewise a long-trying friend of her lost parent, establishing himself at Petersburg, allowed ELIZABETH to study music, drawing, and dancing with his two daughters, he himself instructing them in physics, botany, mineralogy, and mathematics. But the more vigour and energy she lent to these various pursuits, the more irresistibly she felt drawn back to her favourite art, poetry. With rhyme she was never perfectly at ease, feeling herself more at home in antique metres; all imitation was held up to her abhorrence. If we glance through her first productions, we shall find them to be devoted to the surrounding world; that is to say, to so much of the world as was presented to her confined sphere of observation. The next division of her poems shews manifest progress in her powers; she breaks through her immediate trammels, feels that all nature lies before her, and selects a higher range; still she finds all rhyme only a trammel to her spirit and its manifestations. There are among her efforts at this period three which, in particular, received the approbation of GOETHE. In her thirteenth year, her insatiable love of knowledge led her to learn the Latin language. By means of her acquaintance with the French and Italian idioms, a few months enabled her to master its difficulties.

But she was not satisfied here. The praise her tutor had bestowed upon HOMER made such an impression upon her, that she determined not to rest until she could read the works of the blind singer of Chios in the original. He sympathized in her anxiety, and, with his assistance, again in three months she could, having commenced with the Gospel of St. Matthew, understand the whole of the New Testament. Then followed instruction in the Grecian dialects, and her willing preceptor compiled a succinct grammar for her especial use. A Russian priest, one of her friends, was on his birthday surprised by her sending him a Latin poem; and not only, from affection, taught her the Slavonian language, but also instructed her in singing. On the completion of her thirteenth year she had terminated a prose translation of “Anacreon” in five, and a metrical version in her three favourite languages—Russian, German, and Italian. Her study of HOMER was then considerably advanced. BARTHELEMY’S “Travels of the Young Anacharsis,” and PAUSANIAS’S “Account of Greece,” were likewise known by her, from beginning to end. At this time, discussion arose as to her future prospects; for although her inclination for art was apparent and indisputable, her mother

rationaly considered other means more calculated to support her in the world. Her tutor, however, was of opinion that ELISABETH was born to be a poet, and, to bring the mother in his views, he sent, through a friend, several of her poems to GOETHE, and a similar packet to JEAN PAUL, at Baireuth. The first intimated to her that he prophesied her future fame and distinction in the pursuit of literature, in whatever language she might select as her medium. A somewhat similar judgment was passed upon her by JEAN PAUL, in his own peculiar style; and later, JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS expressed great admiration of her talents as a translator.

The Empress ELISABETH, to whom her "Anacreon" had been sent, presented her with an elegant *fermoir*, and the more substantial and useful gift of a pension of 200 roubles for the three following years. As pastime, during her studies of HOMER, she learnt Spanish, Portuguese, and modern Greek. Thus convinced of her love for knowledge, language, and art, her mother, tutor, and friends resolved she should devote herself to the instruction of youth. But Heaven dictated otherwise. The 7th of November, 1824, saw the inundation of Petersburg. Anxiety, terror, cold, and damp, worked destructively on her highly-excitable frame: she fell ill, grew better, experienced a relapse, and, violently as she struggled with the grim monster, the expiration of a year saw her rapidly sinking. ELISABETH died on the 19th of November, 1825.

The Empress ALEXANDRIA FEODOROWNA commanded a monument of Carrara marble to be erected over her grave, by the hand of a young Italian sculptor. A lithograph of this monument adorns the collection of her poems, together with a beautiful profile of the young authoress. The inscriptions on the monument are in the eleven languages which she understood.

We have before mentioned that this volume not only contains her poems, but many specimens of her powers as a translator; for instance, a translation of the tragedies of OSEBOW, a translation of two of ALFIERI's tragedies into German, of TRIARTE's fables from the Spanish, passages from CAMOEN's *Lusiade*, from the *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*, many poems of METASTASIO, all in the German language; tales and legends into the Russian, some of these last are original, as the "Sternchen," "Altern Liebe," and some others. "Der Jasmin," "Die Biene," and "Die Zwillingbrüder," which perhaps are among the most beautiful, and are of themselves sufficient to prove her powers of appropriating to herself the customs and feelings of other countries. Her last labour a few days before her death, was the translation of some modern Greek songs. With this untiring activity what might she not have performed, had but her life been of a little longer duration! But such is the course of nature; an early bloom, an early decay; a brilliant rise, a rapid fall; a precocious attainment of the object of life, while the hand that is extended for other gain, is seized upon by Death, and dragged down into an early grave. Is it not though, probable, that added years might but prove the hopes so extravagantly raised to be doomed to disappointment?

The sixth lyrical lady whom we have to name is FRAULEIN LUISE VON LINDENFELS, who comes before us in a small volume of earnest and serious poems, "Bilder des Lebens und der Natur, in einfachen ersten Dichtungen." Her work is, with a feeling of piety and admiration, addressed to HERR WITSHEL, author of the "Morgen und Abend Opfer." Too much imitation of this well-known writer is evident throughout; and not imitation of him alone, but of many other poets, of which she herself is confessedly conscious, by the excuses she brings forward on this account. It struck us, while perusing this volume, as a great pity that the authoress is a lady and not a man, in the latter case she would doubtless prove an ornament to any philosophical chair, or at least become a most distinguished orator and preacher. The little pedantries and prosaic elements scattered through these verses would there be in their proper places.

Finis coronat opus! exclaim we, at number seven. Number seven, is the work of ANNETTE FREIN VON DROSTE-HULSHOF, a genuine woman, delicate, graceful, and highly cultivated. The privileges of poetry were bestowed upon her from her very birth. We may, perhaps, discover in these poetical confessions and self-examinations a faint trace of assumed modesty, but a merciful critic will overlook this, in

consideration of the intellectual power stamped on every line; and not only must we hand the wreath to her among the seven, but declare her to be indisputably the first among the living poetesses of Germany. Did we not read on the title-page "*Gedichte von Annette*," scarcely should we have believed them to emanate from the pen of a woman; and this idea would be generated, not from the Latin heads to many of the poems, but from their rich powers of thought, their depth of reflection, the choice of subjects, and the strong classical language. To read, for instance, "*An die Weltbesserung*," it is difficult to imagine it has sprung from a feminine hand. In representing pictures of nature, her pencil is dipped in colours which she alone can have mixed. For an example of her great skill in this respect, we need only mention "*Die Lerche*." Here and there she somewhat reminds us of WALTER SCOTT's highly painted scenery of the Highlands, without, however, at all implicating her originality. Nevertheless, as all human labours must of necessity bear the marks of their incompleteness and unavoidable defects, a fact which the poetess herself must recognise, so these works bear within them some errors which we are bound to expose to our readers. In the first place, then, it strikes us, that she is not always correct and clear in her application of terms, thus weakening the effect of her most beautiful images or her finest thoughts. As an instance, we may refer to the close of "*Alte und neue Kindersucht*," which requires repeated reading to comprehend. Others, such as "*Das Vierzehnjährige Herz*," and "*Der Brief ans der Heimath*" are brilliant and piquant. Her powers are perhaps less vigorous when she approaches the epic. The last part of the collection bears the title of Ballads. Among them "*Der Graue*" must be named as a cleverly-told story; and "*Die Schwestern*" as equally admirable, though in another way. We cannot as much esteem the four tales at the close of the volume. She degenerates there from the gifted poet into the trivial and weary tale-teller. These defects, however, take but little from her rare talents and manly vigour; while her individuality will only appear in stronger relief, if we shall have led the reader to acknowledge, after our exposition of their various merits and demerits, that these lyrical ladies are no commonplace seven.

We ought not to close this notice without referring to another volume from the pen of LOUISE VON PLOENNIES, *Ein fremder Strauss*, as the title runs; a collection of lyrics, from French and English poets, rendered into the German. She classes her translations from the works of VICTOR HUGO, BERANGER, CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, MACAULEY, LONDON, SOUTHEY, MONTGOMERY, CHATEAUBRIAND, THOS. MOORE, M. HOWITT, PERCIVAL, LAMARTINE, DELPHINE GAY, Countess BLESSINGTON, ROBERT BURNS, DESBORDES VALMORE, CAMPBELL, FELICIA HEMANS, WALTER SCOTT, and others of both countries, more or less distinguished, under the titles of laurels, oriental roses, cypresses, grapes, roses and forget-me-nots, lotos, lilies, and poppies. Not contented with gathering from the gardens of France and England, she culls a few flowers from the poetical Flora of the Netherlands; and in this she has done well, for few of us are acquainted with the poetical treasures of our Belgic neighbours. Among them we may name "*Hermanns Standbild*," by PRUDENS VAN DUYSSE, a Flemish poet; "*Holland, der Sitz der Schifffahrt*," by HELMERS; "*Die geheimniss volle Lilie*," a legend from the Flemish of VAN KERCKHOVE; and, as conclusion, the first scene of VONDEL's masterpiece, "*Lucifer*," the classical beauty of which only excites in us the greater astonishment, when we remember that it was written two centuries and a half ago; in fact, before MILTON's "*Paradise Lost*." We cannot but be gratified by hearing that this lady intends publishing a larger collection of Flemish poetry, a task for which her knowledge of the language and literature of the Netherlands peculiarly qualifies her.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Wilkes's United States Exploring Expedition.

(Continued from page 708.)

ON the same day that Captain Wilkes left Orange Harbour, the *Peacock* and *Flying-Fish* sailed together, steering towards the *ne plus ultra* of Cook. The two vessels were soon separated by bad weather. Captain Hudson had the satisfaction

of seeing the first display of the Aurora Australis on the 15th of March. The first iceberg was seen on the 11th; after this date, their continually increasing number brought fogs, attended by snow-storms and heavy gales. Through the dense vapour, the noise of the sea was frequently heard beating upon icebergs close aboard; and loud sounds like thunder were occasionally heard, caused probably by the disruption, or change of position, of these floating islands. An icy barrier, extending over one quarter of the horizon, was in sight on the 22nd. Several successive days were passed in sailing in a sea thickly studded with icebergs, and obscured by fogs and heavy storms of snow. On the 25th a meridian observation was obtained, the first for six days; the latitude proved to be sixty-eight degrees south; and on the same evening, to the great joy of all, the *Flying-Fish* joined company. * * * We shall pass hastily over the chapters relating to Chili and Peru. The naturalists and some of the officers visited Santiago, and Mr. Couthouy and Mr. Dana made a hasty trip to the mines of San Felipe. The account of the excursion of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Rich into the interior of Peru presents a lively picture of the inhabitants, and of the difficulties that beset the traveller in that country, reminding us of the journal of Lieutenant Smythe. At the village of Banos, their eggs were cooked in three minutes in the hot spring from which the town derives its name. The heat of the water must have been near the boiling point at that elevation, the place being ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. * * * On the 15th of July, 1839, the squadron left Callao, where, as well as at Valparaiso, the magnetic and astronomical observatories had been set up, and the scientific corps had pursued their avocations with unceasing industry. The number of the vessels was now diminished by two; the store-ship *Relief* had been sent home by the way of the Sandwich Islands and Port Jackson; and the little *Sea-Gull*,

Familiar with the wave, and free
As if its own white foam were she,

had drooped her wing under the fierce tempest.

The Society Islands are so well known, through Mr. Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," that we shall pass at once to the Samoan group, the next scene of the combined labours of the squadron. On the passage thither, Bellinghousen's and Rose Islands, both uninhabited, were visited; the birds were so tame at these places as to suffer themselves to be removed from the nest by hand.

The survey of the Samoan or Navigator's group was begun in the early part of October. The *Vincennes* anchored in Pago-pago, in the island of Tutuila, a harbour remarkable for its safety and beauty. This spot was the scene of an attack upon the boats of the unfortunate *La Perouse*, which resulted in the massacre of M. de Langie, and several of his men. Captain Wilkes speaks well of the inhabitants:—

The women are far from good looking, with the exception of some of the younger ones. They are remarkably domestic and virtuous, exhibiting a strange contrast to those of Tahiti. Here the marriage tie is respected, and parents are extremely fond of their offspring.

The idea of comfort of an inhabitant of Tutuila is by no means limited:—

According to old Toa (a principal chief), a native is in a comfortable condition, when he has a good house; a well-made visiting canoe; a neat, handy, large, and well-formed woman for a wife; a taro-patch with a good fence; cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, with a reasonable number of pigs.

The happy state of the island is due to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Murray who is represented by Captain Wilkes as "an amiable as well as a truly pious man," and eminently prosperous in his mission. "He is one of the missionaries engaged in translating the Bible, many parts of which are now completed, and extensively used by the natives, many of whom read and write well."

At Upolu, a native called Tuval, charged with the murder of Edward Cavenaugh, of New Bedford, had been arrested by Captain Hudson. He was brought to trial before the chiefs, and his guilt being fully proved, he was taken on board the *Vincennes* as a prisoner, and subsequently landed upon Wallis Island. The proceedings of the council are interesting and agreeably told.

The primitive dress of the Samoans is merely a short apron, and a girdle of leaves tied round the loins. Tattooing, the chief ornament, is almost exclusively confined to the men, the females being permitted to have only a few lines printed on the hands and body. The women are regarded with great consideration, however; a remarkable proof of which is to be found in the law that formerly punished adultery with death. The narrative describes the Samoan games, dances, and songs; one of the latter celebrates the arrival of the Papalagi, or white men.

Captain Wilkes concludes his very interesting notices of these people by an account of their *fonos*, or meetings of business, which are conducted with great dignity and decorum. In order to prevent a waste of time or words, a prompter at the side of the speaker occasionally reminds him of the subjects to be debated. So useful a practice might be advantageously imitated elsewhere. * * * As the vessels were separated by storms soon after leaving Sydney, it will be most convenient to follow each one in distinct course. On the night of the 11th of January, 1840, the further progress of the *Vincennes* and *Porpoise* to the southward was arrested by a compact barrier of ice, enclosing large, square icebergs. The *Peacock* arrived at the barrier on the 15th. "On the 13th," says Captain Hudson, "there was no occasion to light the binnacle lamps, as newspaper print could be read at midnight." On the 22nd, the *Peacock* was the first to obtain undoubted proof of the vicinity of land by sounding in 500, and afterwards in 320, fathoms of water, the lead bringing up mud and a stone. Bottom was found again on the 24th in 800 fathoms; but further discoveries were arrested by a fearful accident, that threatened the destruction of the vessel.

This accident compelled Captain Hudson to return to Sydney immediately; and on examination, when the ship was hauled up for repairs, it was found that she was much strained throughout, and that her stern was chafed to within one and a half inches of the wood-ends. Having a long voyage still to perform through a tempestuous sea, the safe return of the vessel under such circumstances was but little less wonderful than that of the *Terror*, Captain Back's ship, in 1836-7.

We return to the *Vincennes*. This ship had experienced a constant gale from the 28th to the 31st of January, with the land in plain sight, fortified by its impassable barrier of ice. More than one hundred icebergs, varying in length from one quarter of a mile to three miles, covered the sea in all directions; and at 8 p.m. of the latter date, a violent snow-storm limited the view to within three or four hundred feet from the ship.

The cold was severe, and every spray that touched the ship was immediately converted into ice. At 9 p.m., the barometer still falling and the gale increasing, we reduced sail to close-reefed fore and main topsails, reefed foresail and trysails, under which we passed numerous icebergs, some to windward, and some to leeward of us. At 10h. 30m. we found ourselves thickly beset with them, and had many narrow escapes; the excitement became intense; it required a constant change of helm to avoid those close aboard; and we were compelled to press the ship with canvass in order to escape them, by keeping her to windward. We thus passed close along their weather sides, and distinctly heard the roar of the surf dashing against them. We had, from time to time, glimpses of their obscure outline, appearing as though immediately above us. After many escapes, I found the ship so covered with ice, and the watch so powerless in managing her, that a little after midnight, on the 29th, I had all hands called. Scarcely had they been reported on deck, when it was made known to me that the gunner, Mr. Williamson, had fallen, broken his ribs, and otherwise injured himself, on the icy deck.

The gale at this moment was awful. We found we were passing large masses of drift-ice, and ice-islands became more numerous. At a little after one o'clock it was terrific, and the sea was now so heavy, that I was obliged to reduce sail still further; the fore and main topsails were clewed up, the former was furled; but the latter being a new sail, much difficulty was found in securing it.

A seaman, by the name of Brooks, in endeavouring to execute the order to furl, got on the lee yard-arm, and the sail, having blown over the yard, prevented his return. Not being aware of his position until it was reported to me from the fore-castle, he remained there some time. On my seeing him he appeared stiff, and clinging to the yard and lift. Spilling-lines were at once rove, and an officer with several men sent aloft to rescue him, which they succeeded in doing by passing a bowline around his

body, and dragging him into the top. He was almost frozen to death. Several of the best men were completely exhausted with cold, fatigue, and excitement, and were sent below. This added to our anxieties, and but little hope remained to me of escaping. I felt that neither prudence nor foresight could avail in protecting the ship and crew. All that could be done was to be prepared for any emergency, by keeping every one at his station.

We were swiftly dashing on, for I felt it necessary to keep the ship under rapid way through the water, to enable her to steer and work quickly. Suddenly many voices cried out, "Ice ahead!" then "On the weather bow!" and again, "On the lee bow and abeam!" All hope of escape seemed in a moment to vanish; return we could not, as large ice-islands had just been passed to leeward: so we dashed on, expecting every moment the crash. The ship in an instant, from having her lee guns under water, rose upright; and so close were we passing to leeward of one of these huge islands, that our trysails were almost thrown aback by the eddy wind. The helm was put up to pay the ship off, but the proximity of those under our lee bade me keep my course. All was now still except the distant roar of the wild storm, that was raging behind, before, and above us; the sea was in great agitation, and both officers and men were in the highest degree excited. The ship continued her way, and as we proceeded, a glimmering of hope arose, for we accidentally had hit upon a clear passage between two large ice-islands, which in fine weather we should not dare to have ventured through. The suspense endured while making our way between them was intense, but of short duration; and my spirits rose as I heard the whistling of the gale grow louder and louder before us, as we emerged from the passage. We had escaped an awful death, and were again tempest-tossed.

We now accompany the explorers to Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, where the whole squadron met again on the 1st of May. Here they were struck with the superiority of the natives over the New Zealanders, with their cheerfulness, the number and healthy state of the children, and the beauty and correct deportment of the women. Captain Wilkes found the Christians and "Devil's men" about to make war with each other, and offered his mediation, which was gladly accepted. This led to the convention of a council, the description of which, and of the two kings, Josiah and George, is very interesting. The commander was unsuccessful in his efforts to preserve peace, which he attributes to the intolerance of the missionaries, who were "evidently more inclined to have the war continue, than desirous that it should be put a stop to; viewing it, in fact, as a means of propagating the gospel." The "Narrative" speaks well of the prosperity of this mission. A printing-press has been in operation since 1832; "great numbers of both sexes read and write, and a few had been taught the rules of arithmetic, and the principles of geography." But some instances of narrow-mindedness and religious intolerance are related, which, if not exaggerated, certainly dishonour the sacred cause of the preachers, and the name of the Master who sent them.

The population of the Friendly Islands is about 18,500, of whom 4,500 are converts, and 2,500 members of the church.

We now approach the Viti, or Feejee, Islands, to which the squadron devoted much more time and labour than to any other of the Polynesian groups; more than three months, counting from May to the middle of August, 1840, having been occupied with the survey of the several clusters combined under this name. It is a very important and interesting part of the cruise, not only on account of the work done, but for the events that occurred there. Captain Wilkes has well improved the means afforded by his long stay at these islands, for becoming acquainted with the character, habits, and social condition of the people. Our hasty and brief notice cannot do justice to his full and very entertaining narrative; but we will endeavour to present a slight sketch of this group, and of the most prominent events that occurred during the stay of the squadron.

The Viti, or Feejee group, situated between the latitudes of 15½° and 19½° South, and the longitudes of 177° East and 178° West, comprises, besides numerous reefs and shoals, one hundred and fifty islands, sixty-five of which are inhabited. The inhabitants number about one hundred and thirty thousand. They are distinguished above all the Polynesian tribes, excepting, perhaps, the inhabitants of Byron's and Drummond's islands, for treachery and cruelty. They are described as generally above the middle height, the chiefs being tall and well made, but the lower classes exhibiting the meagreness of

frame and meanness of appearance belonging to a state of slavish vassalage among a rude people. The common complexion is a shade between the black and the copper-coloured; but both extremes are to be seen. The hair and beard of a Feejee chief are carefully preserved, and when dressed constitute his greatest pride. The office of barber is one of dignity; his hands are tabooed from all other employments, and he is not even allowed to feed himself. The household of a great chief comprises several of these important personages. The hair is frizzled and made to stand erect, extending several inches from the head; a piece of tapa, as fine as tissue-paper, is then wound round it, as a protection from dust. When to this is added the tapa round the loins, the ordinary dress of the men is complete. Instead of the tapa, the women wear round the waist a band made from the bark of a tree, the fibres of the lower part being separated. Contrary to the customs of the other islands, tattooing is confined to the females, who regard it as a passport to the other world. They also adorn their persons with flowers. Both sexes disfigure their bodies with black and red pigments, anoint themselves with the offensive cocoa-nut oil, and bore the lobes of the ears, distending the loose flesh by inserting rolls of tapa, pieces of wood, or shells, into the holes. The chiefs wear around the neck a shell, or a necklace made of beads, whale's teeth, or the human teeth taken from the victims of their cannibal feasts. They spend much time in ornamenting their persons, and "will sit for hours with a small sixpenny looking-glass, admiring themselves with great delight."

The Feejeans are divided into a number of tribes, and in each tribe there are five distinct orders of society—kings, chiefs, warriors, landholders, and slaves, the last being in a most abject condition. War is the most honourable occupation, and is declared in a formal manner by a herald whose office is held sacred. He is received with great ceremony by the adverse party, to whom he says, on taking leave, "Good bye, it is war;" the usual reply is, "It is well, return home." Then the hostilities commence, and are conducted with all the treachery and cruelty of savage warfare. The successful party brings home the victims who are to supply the sacrifices to the gods, and furnish the cannibal feasts.

Captain Wilkes insists, that "the eating of human flesh is not confined to the cases of sacrifice, but is practised from habit and taste;" and he supports this opinion by some disgusting details, which we will spare the reader. We have no intention of calling in question his statements concerning all that passed under his own observation; but we do not perceive that he cites any authentic case, where the subjects might not be regarded as enemies captured or slain in battle, or as religious sacrifices. To dwell upon the religious opinions of these people would be merely to repeat what is well known. There is a belief, common to all savages, in good and evil spirits; the power of each, and the manner and extent to which the latter are propitiated, depend upon the native character. As the Feejeans are remarkably fierce and cruel, their religious ceremonies are attended with practices even exceeding in horror those of which we have such a thrilling picture in the history of the native Mexicans.

The idea, that, after death, they will retain the condition of body and health enjoyed at the time of their decease, leads to the customs of killing aged people, and of self-immolation to escape from decrepitude and disease. Parents, when they are advanced in years, notify their children that the period has arrived when they ought to die. A feast is prepared, the friends bringing presents, and the ceremonies of mourning customary at a funeral are performed. The victim selects the spot for the grave, and the mode of his death, which is generally strangling or burying alive. A parting kiss from all the friends is the signal for placing him in the grave, which, after being covered with sticks and earth is trodden down. The son visits the spot at night, and lays upon it a piece of ava-root, called the "vei-tala," or farewell. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Hunt, the missionary, assured Captain Wilkes that the Feejeans were dutiful and kind to their parents, and that this custom was regarded as so great a proof of affection that the children alone were permitted to perform it. A voluntary death is preferred to the prospect of a life afflicted with disease. Persons accidentally maimed, and deformed children, are generally destroyed. Messrs. Hunt and Lythe, missionaries, said they had known only one instance of a natural

death during their residence on the island. The death of a chief is celebrated by the sacrifice of his wives, his slaves, and even his children. "At the funeral of the late king, Ulivou, which was witnessed by Mr. Cargill, his five wives and a daughter were strangled." The rites attending the death and burial of a great chief are related by Captain Wilkes in minute detail. Here, as at most of the islands, the infliction of some lasting injury upon the person, the loss of a joint, for example, records the permanent grief of the individual.

The traits and customs to which we have hastily alluded are illustrated in the "Narrative" by anecdotes and circumstantial relations of the deepest interest. Our principal purpose is to excite the curiosity of the reader, by giving an outline of this novel form of savage life, and to direct his attention to the book itself, where it is portrayed in full proportions and striking colours. Without stopping, then, to dwell upon the domestic life of the Feejeans, and even passing without notice the redoubted Paddy Connel, an Irish resident of Ovalau, with whose vagabond history and prolific ambition Captain Wilkes regales the reader, though of the former he tells us, that "he did not believe a word of it" himself, we will pass to the two most important events that transpired during the stay of the squadron in this savage region.

(To be continued.)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

A Hand-Book for Lewes, Historical and Descriptive: with Notices of the recent Discovery at the Priory. By MARK ANTONY LOWER. London: J. R. Smith.

THIS is stated to be the first guide to Lewes ever presented to the public. Certainly the task could not have been intrusted to better hands than those of Mr. LOWER, whose antiquarian lore has been already proclaimed in so many forms. Mr. HORSFIELD's History of Lewes is an established authority, but this is intended to be in the nature of a guide.

Such a work is not a subject for criticism, therefore we can do no more than recommend it to all strangers visiting the town to which it is devoted; and to shew the sort of information it contains, we take a few of the more curious facts collected by the researches of Mr. LOWER.

Among the curious customs recited in Domesday-book are these:—

It is stated that every buyer and seller of a horse within the borough paid one penny to the mayor: the purchaser of a man—for be it remembered that under the Feudal Law servants were bought and sold, as negro slaves lately were in our colonies—the purchaser of a man paid 4d. as toll; a murderer expiated his crime for 7s. 4d. and an adulterer for 8s. 4d.; a runaway forfeited a like sum. Of these and other forfeitures the king received two parts, and the earl, as feudal lord, a third. Lewes is estimated at this period to have contained 377 houses, and thus the population, reckoning five persons to a house, must have been less than 1900 souls.

Mr. LOWER has collected some curious epitaphs found in the churchyards in Lewes.

SIRE JOHAN, COUNT DE GAREYN, GYST YCY, &c.

John Earl of Warren's buried here:
May mercy his flown spirit cheer!
For his repose whoever prays,
Gains an indulgence of 3000 days.

ON SIR NICHOLAS PELHAM.

Here under lye buried the bodies of Sir Nicholas Pelham, Knight, (Son of Sir Wm. Pelham, of Laughton,) and Dame Anne, his wife, daughter of John Sackville, Esq. grandfather of the Right Hon. Tho. (late) Earl of Dorset. They had issue six sons and four daughters.

His val^r proofe, his manlie vertue's praye
Cannot be marshall'd in this narrow roome;
His brave exploit in great King Henry's dayes
Among the worthy hath a worthier tombe:
What time the French sought to have sack't Sea-Foord,
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.

Obliit 15. Decembris, anno Dal, 1559.
Aetatis suae, 44.

Here is the tomb of the celebrated WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, with this curious epitaph:—

Here lies the Coalheaver, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men: the omniscient Judge, at the grand assize, shall ratify and confirm this to the confusion of many thousands; for England and its metropolis shall know that there hath been a prophet among them. W. H: S S. [Sinner Saved.]

ART.

A cast of the group still remaining on the western pediment of the Parthenon has been recently added to the treasures of the Elgin-room, in the British Museum.

ANCIENT PAINTING IN CARPENTERS'-HALL.—An interesting discovery has just been made on the western wall of Carpenters'-hall, London-wall. The hall has recently been used as a carpet warehouse, and is now being fitted up as an office, or station, for some railway company. A workman employed in repairing the room accidentally discovered that a portion of the dais end of the hall had been painted, and he succeeded in removing several coats of plastering so as not to injure the concealed decoration. On Wednesday several members of the committee of the British Archaeological Association examined this work of ancient art, and considered it so interesting that they ordered tracings and drawings to be prepared forthwith, Mr. Pocock, the chairman of the Carpenters' Company, and Mr. Jupp, the clerk, affording every assistance. The painting is almost three feet in depth, and extends the entire width of the wall. It is divided into four subjects, all bearing allusion to the craft of carpenters. The first represents God ordering Noah to build the ark, and the consequent progress of the work. The second is a group of several figures, with a regal personage enthroned, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Henry VIII. An inscription acquaints us that the picture is intended for King Josias ordering the money collected in the temple to be delivered to the carpenters for repairing the building. The third exhibits Joseph at work at his trade; Mary is seated beside him busily engaged in spinning, and the child Jesus, with a halo round his head, is picking up the chips and putting them into a basket. The fourth subject is Jesus teaching in the Temple. These paintings are executed in distemper, and are an excellent illustration of this art in the time of Henry VIII. the obvious period of their execution.

MUSIC.

A Manual of Music: containing a Popular Sketch of its Rise and Progress in all Countries, and a comprehensive Vade Mecum of Musical Science. London, 1846. Cradock and Co.

ALREADY, during the progress of its publication in parts, we have noticed this work as being admirably adapted to convey to the student of music as an art that knowledge which so few possess,—namely, its history. Here it will be found related briefly, indeed, but in a very interesting form. The first part narrates the progress of music on the continent of Europe, from the earliest ages to the present time; the second presents the history of music in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; and the third is devoted to instructions in singing and playing on the pianoforte; while an appendix explains in familiar language and intelligible shape the theory of sound, an acquaintance with which is essential to an accomplished musician and interesting to every body. This little volume will be a useful addition to the musical library, and should be read in schools.

The City of London Quadrilles. Composed by

G. J. O. ALLMAN.

The Amicable Quadrilles. Composed by G. J. O. ALLMAN. London: Lewis and Co.

The Royal Polka. By GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London: Lewis and Co.

VERY acceptable at this Christmas time will be music which embodies the spirit of the dance; which one cannot hear without a wish to mingle with the throng; which will not permit the dancer to lounge through the quadrille, but will compel him, *nolens volens*, to trip it merrily, as if it were a pleasure and not a task. Such are these quadrilles and this polka of Mr. ALLMAN's, which can be confidently recommended as among the best contributions to the pleasures of the season.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. LAFONT, after a series of performances which, considering the state of the non-season have been remarkably successful, concluded his engagement on Monday evening, on which occasion he appeared in two of his favoured characters, *Austerlitz*, in *Catherine, ou La Croix d'Or*, and as *Le Chevalier du Guet*. He is succeeded by Madame ALBERT, who made her first appearance on Friday evening. We shall notice her *début* next week. The misfortune that befel this amiable lady and most accomplished actress last year, deprived our public of the anticipated delight of seeing her in the season of 1844. We earnestly invite our friends for their own sakes to avail themselves of the present opportunity. Mademoiselle MARTELEUR has appeared in a highly popular and effective part, *Madame de Silly*, in *Une Femme de Quarante Ans*.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. WEBSTER has concluded an engagement with Miss CUSHMAN and her sister, for a limited number of nights, and the result promises to yield his spirited enterprise a rich harvest in current coin of the realm. There were crammed houses both on Monday and on Wednesday to witness *Romeo and Juliet*, with Miss CUSHMAN as the enamoured Montagu, and her sister as *Juliet*. Miss CUSHMAN's very high capacity is too well known to our readers to render it necessary for us to say more than that in the character she has assumed, she fully sustained the honourable reputation she has acquired amongst us. Her sister, a handsome girl, of much natural talent, and evidently an enthusiast of the noble art, plays *Juliet* wellnigh as ably as we have ever seen it played. Mr. H. HOLL is the *Mercurio* of the tragedy, and played the part airily and with a good deal of spirit; he seemed, as men should seem, animated rather than depressed by the recollection of the perfect embodiment which the part met with at the hands of his predecessor, CHARLES KEMBLE. The whole was altogether well got up. The Christmas piece here, from the practised hand of Mr. PLANCHE, is entitled *The Bee and the Orange-tree*; or, *the Four Wishes*. The piece is founded on the well-known fairy-tale by Madame D'AULNOIS. As CHARLES LAMB said of a friend's witticism, we have seen worse things, and better. The gem of the extravaganza is a certain ogre, *Ravagio* by name, of most man-eating propensities, and who has lately found ample materials for his meals in wandering railway surveyors, whom he catches trespassing on his lands. BLAND, one of the very best of burlesquers, plays the ogre capably; in a clever parody on "The Friar of Orders Grey," he gives a very characteristic description of himself. A conversation which takes place between his wife, *Tourmentine* (Mrs. STANLEY), and his son, *Croquemittin* (Mr. CAULFIELD), gives occasion for some sharp hits at the poor-laws. The ogre says:—

To eat up man and wife is far less cruel
Than let them starve apart on water-gruel;
And when we think upon the surplus population,
An ogre's quite a blessing to the nation.

Then come some laughable jokes about catching and eating railway engineers and surveyors.

Since the panic in the city,
We've eat a whole Provisional Committee.

There is a princess very fair, enacted by Miss BENNETT, who is rescued from bondage most forlorn by *Prince Amiable* (Mr. HUDSON), a very great gentleman of fickle temperament, but good-hearted in the main, and with such a sweet voice! Our space will only enable us to add, that *The Bee and the Orange-tree* was very favourably received, and promises to have a long run.

ADELPHI.—Here the pantomime, a very tolerable one, is styled and entitled *Harlequin and Peeneewingkeewang Fleebecdee Flobeedee Buskeebang*; or, *the King of the Cannibal islands*. It opens with a good scene of Neptune's Snuggery and Fish Preserves, with a convocation of *offishers* of state, the *Marquis de Turbot*, *Lord Plaiice*, the *Right Hon. John Dory*, and *Admiral Porpoise*. These worthies hold epigrammatic converse with *Neptune* (Mr. CULLENFORD), and sit in solemn debate on the wrongs which old *Father Thames* (Mr. FROST) brought before the monarch of the briny deep. The confab, carried on in a splendid submarine palace, is suddenly ended by the unceremonious descent of a huge anchor, which knocks down *Neptune*, and disperses the court. This anchor belongs to the *Tom Tit* schooner, wrecked in the bay of Busky-bang. A number of monstrosities, intended for British sailors, are rescued, and soon afterwards they are captured, together with *Susan Snowdown* (Miss LINDON), and brought before the king with a short and sweet patronymic. A splendid spectacle of Cannibal Island chiefs introduces us to the Court of the Cannibal King, and his Cannibal favourite Sultana. His Cannibal Majesty falls in love

with *Susan Snowdown*, and places her in the enviable situation of his swarthy female favourite. This, of course, leads to comical scenes between the fair lady, his black Majesty, the fair lady's tar lover, and the Cannibal King's forsaken consort. Suddenly the transformation takes place. *Columbine* (Miss FLEMING), *Harlequin* (Mr. T. IRELAND), *Clown* (Mr. C. J. SMITH), and *Pantaloon* (Mr. MITCHENSON), appear and obliterate for the rest of the piece all trace and recollection of the Cannibal King and his Cannibal adventures, and off we go. The audience, full as the theatre would admit of, was in perfect raptures with the tricks, and transformations, and practical morality of the pantomimade.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The pantomime at this theatre is entitled *The Key of the Kingdom*; or, *Harlequin and the Fairy Bluebel*. It is one of the very best pantomimes we have seen since the good old times of GRIMALDI. The tricks are good, the transformations ingenious and well managed, the hits appropriate and effective; and last, but not least, the scenery is really beautiful, reflecting the greatest credit upon the artists, Mr. NICHOLLS, and more particularly Mr. BEVERLEY, and in no slight degree upon the able and enterprising lessee. The house was perfectly crowded. *Jeames* continues to give notes from his "Diary" with undiminished success.

DRURY LANE.—We advise our readers by all means to go and see Mr. RISLEY and his sons at this theatre. Their performances are the perfection of that class of motive power and flexibility.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

FEED not sick Memory's appetites upon
The putrid manna of past pleasures; flee
The tainted nectar, where may hidden be
The meed of drunken revelries, begun
By joys prohibited! Though shines the sun
On new-wov'n webs, bleaching them snowily,
With tardy care, think not its radiance flings
Nought in its course but what doth purify;
For it corrupteth where it striketh things
By nature born to perish! So, thine eye
Of mind or body, guard from sights that lie
Womb'd in rottenness. The healthiest springs,
Whence memory quaffs of joy, are ever won
From the sweet consciousness of duties done!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

Dr. Polli, of Milan, known to the medical world by his remarkable researches on the blood, has just communicated to the Scientific Congress at Naples, a proceeding to render salt water drinkable by means of electricity.—*Medical Times*.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

The Phrenological and Psychological Annual, for the year 1846. Edited by DAVID G. GOYDER, President of the Glasgow Phrenological and Physiological Society, &c. Glasgow, 1846. Goyder.

The purpose of this little work is to preserve a sort of record of the progress of phrenology during the year; and to this are

added some original articles of great interest. Of these the first is an essay on the question "What is phrenology?" by Mr. Robert Brown. Its intent is to remove the popular impression that phrenology is nothing more than a question of "skulls, heads, brains, and bumps," and to shew that these and all relating to them are but a part, and a very secondary part, of the science. He repudiates with indignation the impudent impostors who travel about the country pretending to read heads, and laments the vast injury they do to the cause by leading many to a too hasty conclusion, that the whole science must be false, because these charlatans commit enormous blunders. The benefits which phrenology has already conferred are thus described:—

The phrenological discovery of the dependency of mental manifestations upon the brain, contradicted the long entertained opinion of metaphysicians, that the mind is a separate entity, and manifests its powers quite independently of any part of the body. But how important was this discovery! Mental science is now as capable of advancement and improvement as physical science. It is now entirely dependent on observation for advancement, and, like physical science, if any one makes wrong observations relative to it, these observations will be rectified by subsequent observers. Previous to the phrenological discovery, metaphysicians had recourse only to their own consciousness for the formation of their systems of mental philosophy. But, owing to the differences in the relative strength of the mental faculties in different individuals—a truth which phrenology has satisfactorily proved—each metaphysician formed a distinct and separate system for himself, which, although differing from every other system which had appeared, he would consider to be the only true one. If each metaphysician correctly interpreted and recorded his own consciousness, then the system of mental philosophy he formed would be true as regarded himself; but it might be true of no other person. This explains the endless disagreements and contradictions which existed among writers on mental science. It also shews that so long as philosophers had no better means of investigating mind than by reflecting on consciousness, no accuracy or precision could be arrived at. A better means of investigating mind, therefore, was a great desideratum. The discovery of phrenology supplied that desideratum. But it overthrew so many of the long cherished opinions of the teachers of the old school, that they would not believe in it. Harvey said that he did not expect that any of his profession who were above 40 years of age, would admit the truth of his discovery. He looked only for the rising generation, who were unshackled with prejudices, to believe in it. The same might be said in regard to every important discovery. It was to a great extent verified in the case of phrenology.

The second article contains some interesting particulars relative to the development of Allan Mair, the murderer. We are next presented with a very able examination of the character of NAPOLEON. Then the editor discourses, with great good sense, on "Marriage considered Phrenologically." Mr. Tyson, in the fifth article, produces "An *à priori* Argument for the Truth of Phrenology." Very ingenious is this proof of the fact that the brain is the seat of the soul:—

When I write, how does the intelligence of my soul operate on my hand, so as to cause me to write a certain matter? Does the soul reside in my fingers? Or when I read, does the soul dwell in my eyes or my mouth? In short, does it direct the movements of every member by itself, acting immediately upon that member, without any medium; or, does this intelligent being operate upon one part by means of another? In other words, does the soul extend through all the members of the body equally? or does it take up its abode in one particular place whence it can by some means perceive and direct the whole machine? If we suppose the soul to be extended through the whole body, what would follow in the case of amputating a limb? Would the soul retire from that limb into the other parts of the body as its stronghold? But supposing the separation to be so quick that the soul should not be sensible of it until it was completed, as when a cannon ball takes off a leg, then the thinking being, taken on a sudden, could not be expected to withdraw from the lost limb before that was entirely separated from the body, and the soul must either part of it go with the leg, and consequently be divided, or else for a moment be extended beyond the remaining stump of the amputated part, and afterwards withdraw into the body.

Now, to suppose either a mechanical separation of the mind, or its definite extension beyond the body, would be equally absurd; and hence we are reasonably led to believe that the soul acts immediately on one part of the body only, and on the other parts by the use of some instruments expressly adapted to the purpose.

In inquiring after the part on which the soul directly acts, it will hardly be necessary to notice the supposition of it being at the stomach! not even though we sometimes talk of digesting ideas! The most evident course of coming to this seat of sense is to consider in what part of the body there appears to be a union or general collection of the various branches of sensation into one great organ. The nerves are, on all hands, admitted to be the means of sensation; and these, it is well known, all meet and blend their powers in the brain. The nervous system is like an inverted shrub—the root or brain being uppermost, and an almost infinite number of branches spreading themselves downward; and as the nerves are the instruments by which we feel, so must the organ from whence those nerves proceed be the grand sensorium, or seat of the senses. From this we see that the brain is the seat of all mental influences.

We have, besides this, an internal and sensible evidence that the brain is the organ of thought. Every man who is capable of the smallest degree of study, must have observed the peculiarly busy feeling that takes place in his head while his mind is engaged in any contemplations; and hence a thousand common expressions relating to the "sense of the head." If the head were not the place of thought, it could not be so affected by thinking. But in this there is no need to suppose the brain to be the soul; such a supposition is not required by phrenology; and yet there is nothing repugnant to either philosophy or Christianity in saying that the soul, like all other things, will manifest its operations by means of some organs, and those organs must be contained in the brain, on which the spirit exerts its power. The brain uses hands, feet, and eyes for its organs; and in like manner the soul must use the brain as an instrument of action.

Then follows an address "On the Study of Character in connection with Education," by the late ALEXANDER KINMONT, A. M., which we should much like to transfer to our columns entire, so full is it of valuable instruction, not to parents and teachers alone, but to all who mingle in the business of life. We must, however, be content with some partial extracts.

It opens with the remark that there appear to be two classes of character among men, the natural and the artificial.

It appears not to be in opposition to the fixed analogies of nature to suppose, that there are certain well defined and established classes of men perpetuated from one age to another, for the sake of preserving unimpaired and unaltered the grand and majestic features of universal humanity, as well as mutual dependence and connection between all its distinct and individual parts. On this principle we would account for that easy recognition of character at first sight which is remarkable. An unknown individual is presented to us, and if he is not a hypocrite, we comprehend his natural character almost instantly; and the reason may be, that he is one of a natural class which we have studied, perhaps, unconsciously. From the same cause it may happen, that in a strange place so many faces often strike us as familiar, which we never have seen before; so much so that we will sometimes stop short in a crowded street, and muse with ourselves, whether some persons who have just passed are not actually known to us; and sometimes we fancy that they have met us before in dreams; but our dreams, too, exhibit those very genera and species of human character, which in every country and region where man inhabits, are to be found.

The natural character should be preserved as far as possible.

If it be a gentle and sweet character, for example, you must not impose a new one upon it; you must not smother up or overlay it with your own character, if your own should happen to be different. Or again, if a character be naturally of a strong and vigorous cast, let it alone; if it be not of God, it will come to nought; but if it be, look well to it that you be not convicted of fighting against God. In the whole of this delicate affair, the first great error to be avoided is, an unconscious endeavour to urge our own character on our pupils. This must never be. Attach your pupils to God, and to one another, but never to yourself; if there is any attachment this way, let it be to the truths you teach them, and the instructions you deliver; they will respect you, and that is enough. It sounds wonderfully sentimental, to be sure, that such and such a teacher's pupils are much attached to him, but seek not to incur such attachment; I mean, beware of stamping your own individuality on your school. Call for the individuality of every pupil, as much as possible, but keep your own in the background.

The lecturer dwells with great force on the importance of encouraging individuality of character.

"*Ad modum sunt tenendo*," says Cicero, and I wonder, so admirable is the sentiment, that the passage has not been quoted a thousand times, for certainly it is a great deal more valuable than the common coin of this sort which is passing. I will give

the whole passage in English. He says, Every individual should retain very strongly that which is peculiarly his own; I do not mean his faults, but the appropriate qualities of his nature, in order that he may the better exhibit that gracefulness of mind of which I speak. A man must so demean himself, that he act nothing against the universal laws of human nature, but with a proper regard to these, he should at the same time follow the unbidden leadings of his own character; so that if he should ever behold gifts and endowments of far more dignity and worth in others than in himself, nevertheless let him regulate his own pursuits by the measure of his own nature, for it is of no benefit to fight against nature, and to follow that which we can never reach. Hence, he adds, we can better comprehend what grace is (he is speaking on that subject), for nothing can be graceful which is done without the consent of Minerva, that is, in opposition or in contradiction to the laws of nature.

The justness of this sentiment of Cicero is unquestionable; it is only to be regretted, that although written nineteen centuries since, it should be so little thought of, or that we should be willing to have those shackles imposed upon us by custom, which are repugnant to all free expression of our character; for observe that when the character is not free to express itself, it is not free to grow; and why should not every character be free to express itself, I mean to expand itself, to set itself publicly forth without ridicule, when it in no respects violates the universal decorums of human nature? I say that the character cannot grow without expression, any more than a tree can grow in winter; vitality is in the tree all the time, but there is no budding, no expansion, because of the cold; and neither in this chilling atmosphere of artificial manners can any genuine and true character be in freedom to develop itself fully.

As illustrative of the design of this division of THE CRITIC, we take from the collected intelligence of the year the following remarks of Dr. ABERCROMBIE, which precisely embody our views:—

SCIENCE OF MIND.—BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—In his closing address to the Medical Section of the British Association at Edinburgh, Dr. Abercrombie made some practical remarks on this subject. He deprecated all vain speculation about the nature and essence of mind, and its mode of communication with external things; but recommended the cultivation of mental philosophy as a science of rigid observation. He alluded to the study of mental phenomena and mental habits in ourselves and other men; the phenomena of dreaming, insanity, and delirium; and the mental conditions which occur in connection with diseases and injuries of the brain.

The practical purposes to which mental science may be applied, Dr. A. considered briefly under the following heads:—1. The education of the young, and the cultivation of a sound mental discipline at any period of life. 2. The intellectual and moral treatment of insanity, presenting a subject of observation and experiment, in which comparatively little has been done, but which seems to promise results of the highest importance and interest. 3. The prevention of insanity in individuals in whom there exists an hereditary predisposition to it. In such cases, much might be done by a careful mental culture, from the neglect of which, irremediable injury might arise. 4. In conclusion, he pointed out the importance of mental science, as the basis of a philosophical logic.—*Fourth Report of the British Association. Med. Gaz. Vol. 16, p. 703.*

NOTES OF CASES IN VITAL MAGNETISM.

Visit from Mrs. —, November, 1845.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I am come to have a little of your luxurious 'streams of atoms.' I am getting ill—just as you told me I should three weeks ago."

This lady possesses those very rare qualifications which combine in our nature—the open, the generous, the frank, unpremeditated outspokenness of an infant in its earliest playfulness; yet, withal, the counsel and power proceeding from a well-regulated mind, made powerful by the aid of that sort of education which leads to the endowments only obtained from schools of intellectual refinement. Hers, perhaps, have been formed in the concert-room and the society of intelligent minds, since her musical powers predominate, and her manners in consequence have a free and social turn.

"What shall I do with you?" "Oh, just what you will: I am come on purpose to see what you can do for me."

Upon this I secured stillness, and allowed only one witness—an intimate friend. On taking the thumbs, after a few seconds deep inspirations began: a rush of heat ran up my arms and into my face; I became most unpleasantly heated. I rose very gently, and her eyes soon closed, the head falling back on a pillow in a state of great heaviness.

After allowing my patient to remain in this state a short time, I wished to be sure what sort of inaction had been produced, and took her hand very gently, and, after raising it, allowed it to fall.

Then I took one of her feet, raised it a little, and it dropped, as if insensibly. I then carefully magnetised the organ of Tune, when she began to try with much difficulty to make a sound, but appeared extremely idle, and in about a quarter of an hour awoke very unwillingly. She then said, "What witchery have you been using over me? I heard all you said; I felt your hand passing over me; I knew you took my hand, and let it fall, and I tried all I could to raise my courage to give you a good chastisement for taking the liberty with my hand, but all I could do, I could not prevent it; and then, when you took my foot, I got into a perfect rage; and how I wished I could defend myself and punish you! but, lump it went down to the floor, and felt as if it were enough to dash it to pieces. Then you pulled my forehead up in a heap; and, for the life of me, I tried all I could not to be tormented by you; but I could not help trying to sing, but I was so completely lazy, I could not; yet I could not help making a noise: I was quite aware it was a frightful noise, but I could not help it. All the time I longed to get at you, and to shew you I was not in your power, though you did keep me so."

Such was this lady's waking explanation of her state.

I then ordered her not to sleep again, and spoke as harshly as I could, at which she remained still under my influence, only awake. I began to try to release her from her disorder, and it was a most curious fact, that wherever I opposed my pointed fingers, she said, "Oh, what a strange stream of electric sparks go through me straight like a line, travelling from the fingers of one hand to those of the other! I can feel distinct streams of 'atoms,' as you call them, but they are all alive, and more like sparks of fire."

This I continued for at least twenty minutes, and she declared the hardness she had complained of was in some measure gone, and she was decidedly much more comfortable. If I pointed to the knees she instantly cried out, "How my knees tremble!" and when I drew the fluids downwards with the intention of spreading them away on the floor, she traced the current readily, and was greatly interested in the experiment, and quite pleased she had been kept awake that she might testify the reality.

The next morning she came again in high spirits, but saying, "I am wide awake now, and I don't believe you can serve me as you did last night."

I placed her in a large and very easy chair, and in less than five minutes the head fell back. A most beautiful expression of happiness passed over every feature, but in a few seconds she threw out her hands quite theatrically, stamped her foot, and gave us a well-accented recitation from Shakespeare. When this was done, she laughed heartily, saying, "There now! don't you think I am regularly foolish to go on in this way? I can't think what is the matter with me, but I am so full of such merry thoughts—I am so merry I can't tell what to do; I see such funny fellows—I love funny people." Then she laughed so heartily that tears ran copiously down her cheeks. It was extremely difficult for me to resist its effect, and it was only with the greatest effort I got her out of this merriment without checking or injuring the tone the mind had taken. I aroused Tune, and she tried several airs, but was too volatile to attend to words. I told her not to care for the words—that I never attempted to remember words—but to give us an extempore after Malibran. She caught the idea momentarily, and her singing was most captivating.

After about two hours she was unwillingly demagnetised; and when free she said, "Dear me, what a state my eyes are in! What! have I been crying?—or is it laughing?" I told her she had been magnetised; so she went away quite unconscious of the state of joy she had passed into.

In the evening she came again, and was quickly influenced; but I had some interruptions in my room: some ladies entered dressed in silk. She started up, and said, "Oh, what is that noise? it sounds like ghosts!" I motioned them to leave the room, and then went on quietly with my patient. She responded to the organs in this way: I merely pointed for an instant to Veneration and Tune; she began to sing most sweetly—"Hear my prayer!" I sang with her a little while, but on my pointing to Wit, she smiled, and said, "There, let us leave off; that's too difficult; it requires many voices;" and she hummed several light airs.

I pointed to Self-esteem, when she nearly started from her chair, saying, "If people don't notice me, I pass the door, of course—don't you?" Then to Benevolence, and she instantly responded, "Do you know I love you very much, but if you would kiss me I should love you much more." Her affection was most beautifully shewn, and she would insist upon my coming into the same chair, while she told me the most innocent and playful scenes of her childhood. This continued several hours, and she returned to her natural state very unwillingly.

She recollected nothing that had passed excepting about the ladies coming in, and how it annoyed her. The fact was, she opened her eyes and partially awoke at the bustle, but fell back again almost instantly.

Salisbury.

LAVINIA JONES.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Apostolical Christians and Catholics of Germany, 2nd edit. revised and corrected, by A. Smith, esq. with Preface, by Rev. W. Goode, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

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